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VOGUE

Summer Reader

Autumn Fashion Forecast

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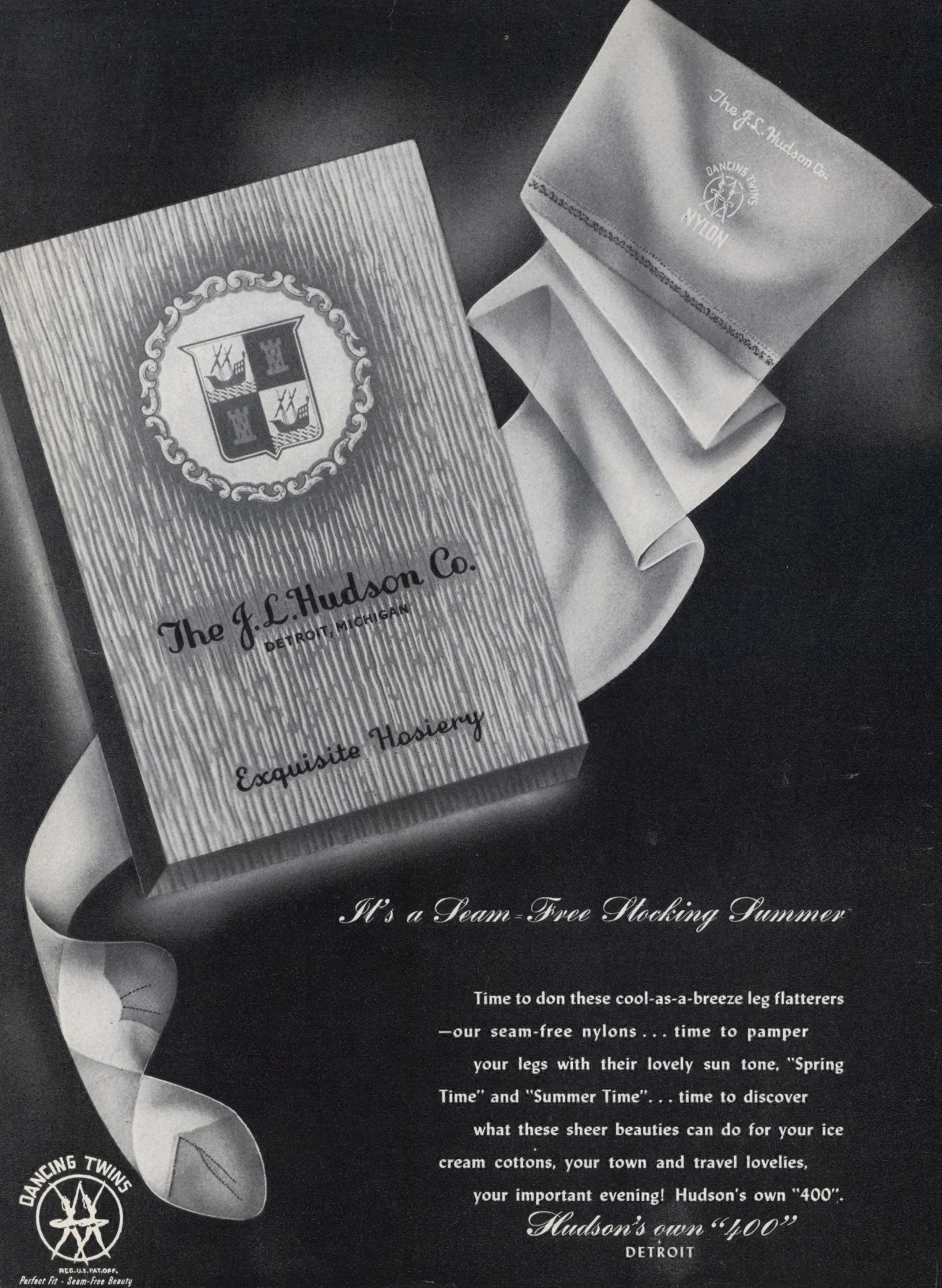

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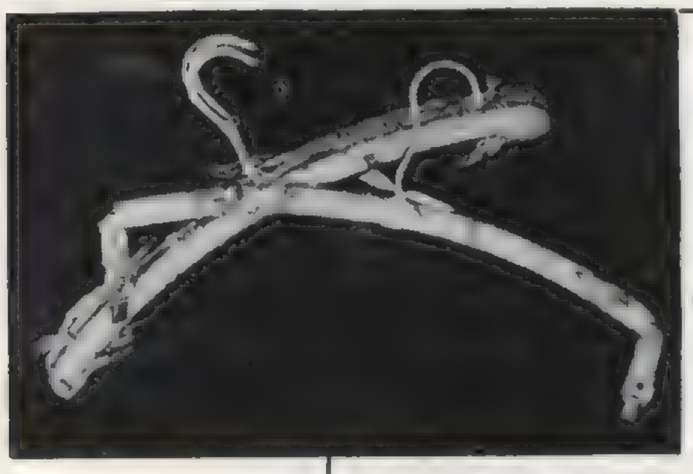

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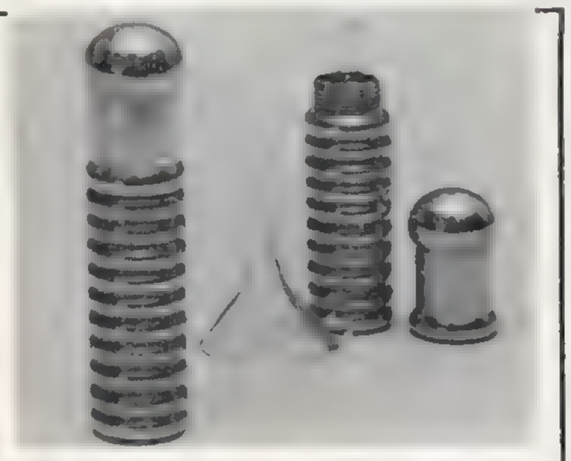

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COVER: *New length—newly placed fullness—a tube of striped tweed coat, over a tubular black dress, flaring at the knee, pleated to twelve inches from the floor. The dress (of Wyner worsted jersey) and narrowed coat, $110. By Mildred Orrick. Stein & Blaine; Hudson's; The Blum Store.*

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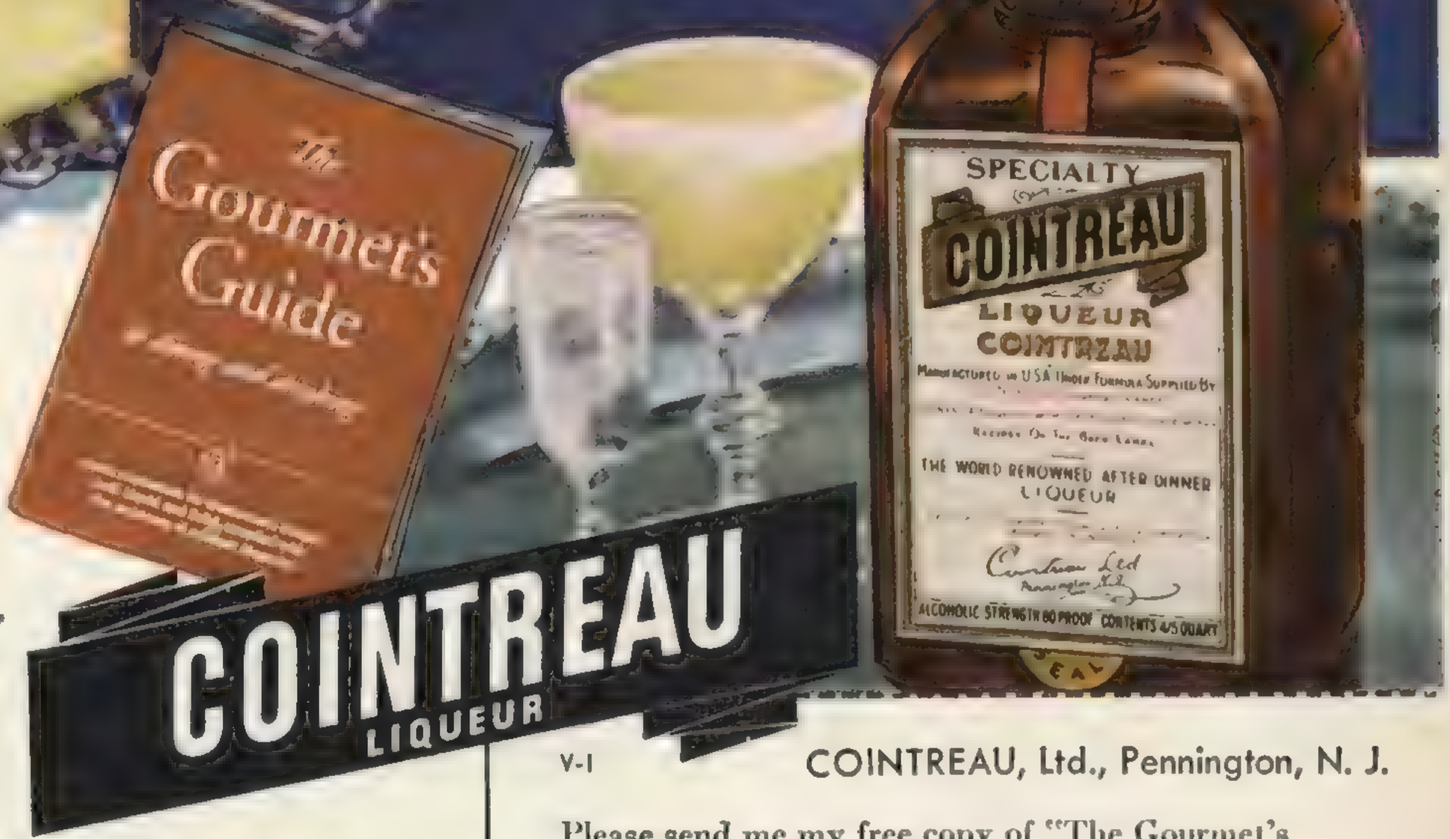

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VOGUE'S EYE VIEW OF...

CURRENT AND COMING FASHIONS. A good half of this issue is, in itself, an eye view of fashion. But in looking at changing fashions in the sunlight of July, you might begin by trying to adapt your eye to what they'll be in the light of autumn.

ADOLESCENT PARTY PROBLEMS. The young and their party problems are talked about on pages 50 and 51. But a pretty general youth-problem was, we feel, very well stated by a mother in the *Brearley Bulletin,* published by The Brearley School in New York: "We put much thought and effort into sending our children to schools where they will learn cooperation and tolerance, democratic ideals and basic good manners, as well as to use their minds to the best of their ability. How can we conscientiously launch them at the same time into a social world in which discrimination, 'contacts,' and false values play such an important part? No wonder they sometimes become confused about standards and begin to doubt the ideals which they learn in school and at home."

PSYCHOANALYSIS. Because psychoanalysis is after all literally self-education, Vogue considers particularly useful the layman's primer on psychiatry written by Dr. Eric Berne—and presents these excerpts (pp. 38, 39) from his forthcoming book, *The Mind in Action.* Dr. Berne is thirty-seven years old. He was on the faculty of Yale in the Psychiatric Department before serving forty-one months as a psychiatric officer in the Army. Now he writes, lectures, has a private practice in San Francisco and Carmel, California. He is a member of the San Francisco Psychoanalytic Institute and the American Psychiatric Association.

DYLAN THOMAS. The author of the piece on page 37 is, at thirty-three, one of the brilliant present-day British poets, a mainstay of BBC's "Third Programme" (you'll see more about *that* on page 40). He is short, brown-haired, crumpled, Welsh...his strange, great gift is a wide-eyeing memory. He is married to the daughter of Francis Macnamara, the Irish poet and philosopher, and has two young children.

"NEW SPANISH FAMILY" is by Señora Telesforo Casanova d'Ojea, whose pen name is "Grace Hegger Lewis." (She was formerly the wife of Sinclair Lewis.) Her husband, of Spanish birth, has been an American citizen for a number of years; on page 42 is the account of his first return to Spain with his American wife.

ELIZABETH BOWEN. Her highly literary, highly complicated novels and short stories—*The Death of the Heart, Ivy Grips the Steps*—have been widely read in America; in this issue, she writes of radio in England. Mrs. Bowen was born in Dublin, lives most of the year in London; and it may be that she is radio-minded by marriage—her husband, Alan Cameron, was Education Director of the BBC during the war.

THE McLAUGHLINS. Robert and Mignon McLaughlin, who wrote "Salt of Newburyport," on page 52, wanted a house "beyond the commuting line" where they could have the run of the day for writing, and their two babies could have the run of the lawn; they settled in a fine old Federal house in Newburyport, Massachusetts. Mr. McLaughlin, whose Army life turned up in many *New Yorker* short stories, has just published his first novel, *The Side of the Angels.*

Fashions—current and coming

And coming and going, there are three points to remember: longer skirts—round shoulders—small, pulled-in waistlines. Given these three to begin with, the new fashions go on to such variations as the long and narrow skirt, or the long, full skirt; the short, close jacket; or the hip-rounding, longer jacket; a shawl over a short tweed shoulder; a jutting collar like the one opposite for a bulky greatcoat, for a new suit, for a dress. But everywhere, throughout all the collections, these three hallmarks of autumn 1947 appear—and below every longer skirt—elegant and narrow, or swinging and free—is a slender foot, higher heel, darker stocking. Many collars, like the ones on this page, are outsize, upstanding. Labelled "future" right now, these fashion ideas will be part of your new profile; will—on arrival—have the look of a Dickens coachman, throat muffled to ear-level, of a 19th-century dandy, the Scarlet Pimpernel. Some collars are separate, like the windsock neckpiece; are tweed shawls or mufflers—Alfred Hitchcock costumings for a travelling Scotsman. The big bertha collar is almost a fichu to arrange high or wide. Hat shapes coming vary with the silhouettes, oftenest are more sitting on the head than fitting.

DICKENSIAN COLLAR

TWEED SHAWL

BYRONIC COLLAR

CHIN-CUP COLLAR

WINDSOCK NECKPIECE

BIG BERTHA COLLAR

The jutting neckline and Venetian bicorne (*opposite*) make four new points in silhouette. Wool greatcoat, collar wrapped hat-high and Pickwickian with ribbons, by Lo Balbo; Altman; Garfinckel's; I. Magnin. John Frederics hat.

BLUMENFELD

KNEE-TO-HEM PLEATS

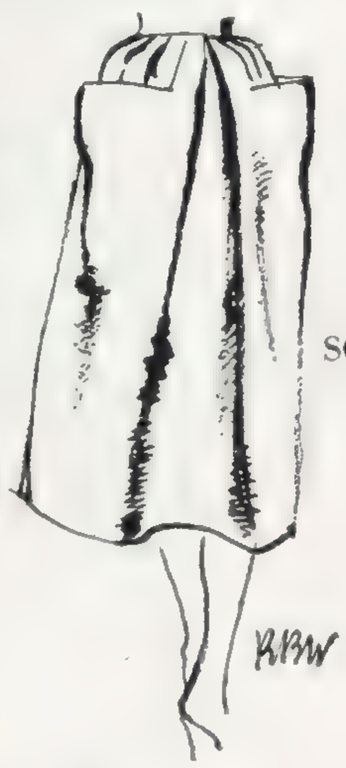
Continuing Fashions—current and coming

BACK-FLARED SKIRT

Beginning now—with this autumn forecast—you can accustom your eye to the look of not just one new fashion, but many; not the continuance of a single idea but of variations on the three-point theme of waist, shoulders, skirt-length. Current is the small waist—made yet smaller by exercise or a semi-corset such as the one shown below. Current and coming is the soft, soft shoulder—so gently sloped as to firm the whole idea of your femininity—to confirm the fact of good bones. Now you have hips—or the semblance of them—from a pair of great pannier pockets set in a skirt; from a skirt made bouffant by umbrella gores or pleats; from slight trouser pleatings below a cummerbund. You can expect more full, pleated day skirts; pleats held back so that all the movement of your dress is behind you; pleats left until the last minute to extend a narrow tube of dress with walking width from knee to hem. Soon on hand: the short-cut coat with bulk to the top, to wrap or hold close about the hips; and continuing, greatcoats, backswinging, now almost the shape of a triangle in cloth, falling free and loose from the shoulder, to cover full-hipped dresses.

BELLED SKIRT

CORSETED WAIST



SQUARE-HIPPED POCKETS

Six new ways to look—on the next six pages in colour, present indicative—and future fashions; new shapes and new features.

The news: a chin-covering **wrap-around cutaway**. *In coffee-coloured fleece, lined with plaid.*
By Ben Gershel. At Bergdorf Goodman; I. Magnin.

The news: **shawls over soft shoulders.** *In tissue tweed suits by Adele Simpson.*

Both to be at Saks Fifth; Neiman-Marcus.

The news: **big bertha collar** *on a tweed stadium greatcoat.*

The suit with plaid-topped dress by David Goodstein. To be at Bendel's Young-Timers.

The news: a back-swinging greatcoat, **chin-collared** *to button as high as your nose.*

By Nettie Rosenstein. To be at Bonwit Teller; I. Magnin.

The news: front-pleated skirt and **wind-sock neckpiece** *on a taffeta and wool suit.*

Ben Reig design by Omar Kiam. To be at Lord and Taylor; Frost Bros.

The news: **lamp shade shapes.** *Black wool dinner suit with cording rounding out the hem; a lamp-shade tulle and taffeta hat. To be at Hattie Carnegie; Wm. H. Block.*

Fashion ideas in transition

How to look at fashion changes and what to make of them now

You might look at it this way. The forecast of fashion you've just seen in this issue is meant for autumn. And with tropical weather all across the country, autumn seems a long way off. But the eye has a way of educating itself to new sights—often before we quite realize it. Experiencing a change in fashion is a little like coming from a dark room into brilliant light: at first things seem blurred or distorted, then gradually the eye becomes accustomed to the light and the strangeness is suddenly gone. The knee-high skirts, ballet-flat shoes, exaggerated shoulders of the 1946 season will seem strange to autumn 1947 eyes. (They already seem a little strange to July 1947 eyes.) But a new wardrobe is not come by overnight; we love fondly many of the clothes we already own. The problem is in finding a nice balance—not being "the first by whom the new is tried" nor yet "the last to cast the old aside."

THERE WILL BE LONGER SKIRTS. And since skirt lengths are the most marked sign of the new, it is comforting to realize how a *lengthened* skirt can alter a whole silhouette. To the alarmed cries of "too scant hems" there is perhaps the answer of a lengthening hip-yoke of the same cloth. Of rescuing the jacket half of a good suit by buying for it a new, longer skirt in a contrasting colour. Of having a too-short fur coat made into a frankly three-quarter-length one. Of converting a too-short dress with becoming neckline and good sleeves into a useful overblouse.

THERE WILL BE SMALLER SHOULDERS. The new shoulder line is not a high shelf, but a soft cup. The exaggerated, overextended shoulder already seems distinctly of another era. Yet, many dresses should not be entirely unpadded. This is the time to do a little experimenting, taking out extra filling, making gentle little pads which do not stop at the shoulder, but which curve softly over the upper arm. Sometimes two scant layers of filling will accomplish the softened shoulder line—which seems right with the new longer skirt. However, you will discover that no heavily padded dress can give up its shoulder pad without serious alterations being made on the armhole or the shoulder seam. If your suit or dress is good, and can be lengthened—it is very well worth the tailor's fee to have made, and made properly, this change in silhouette.

THERE WILL BE DEFINED WAISTLINES. If you possess one, make the most of it, and let the hips round as they may. Pull in the waist with a belt; if it does not pull in enough to make the hips round definitely, try one of the new little *guêpières* (i.e. waist corset) which can minimize the waist an inch or two. Many shops across the country have them now.

There will be other changes coming along which are more or less preparations for the three changes listed above. There's the new heel height, the shape of the foot. Higher heels are necessary with the new longer or fuller skirts; they seem the most flattering complement to the pulled-in waist, the narrowed shoulder, the general lady-like look of new fashions. But it is not the high heel alone which can give the new "delicate look" to the foot. The whole feeling of a light, uncomplicated shoe is one of the prettiest parts of the new look. The plain opera pump with high or higher heel, with pointed toe and absolutely no ornamentation—is an excellent choice. This, then, with lengthened skirt and pulled-in waist and gentled shoulder achieves a balance—in transition, this July.

PARIS MIDSEASONS

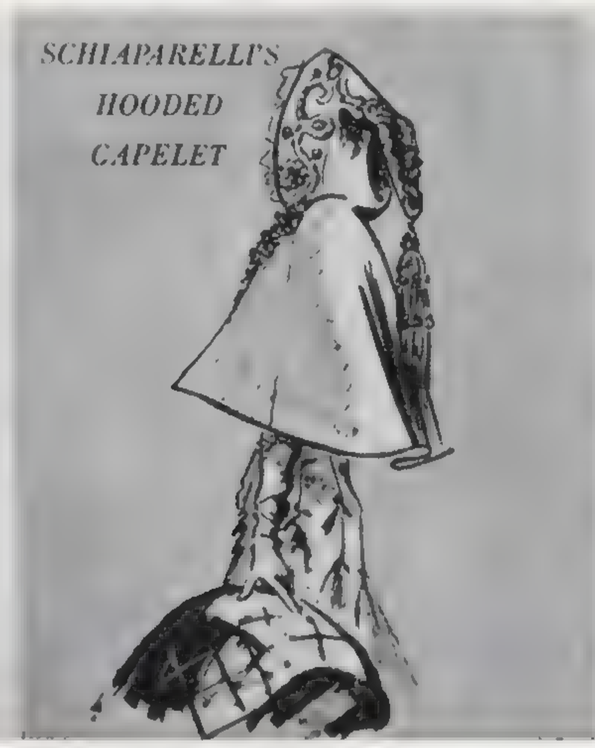
SCHIAPARELLI'S TUCKED-UP SIDES

MOLYNEUX'S DRAPED-UP SIDES

Evening silhouettes

In midseason showings, Paris designers adhere to old loves, continue the look of gentle femininity, of the rounded line. By evening, the news is in hip interest, a semblance of coverage—chiffon shawls over bare shoulders; caped sleeves; little jackets, bouffant jackets to mask decolletage; widening shoulder straps. Skirts round out quickly below a small waist or are wrapped, pulled up to a hip bustle; flatten into pleats at the side. The seasonal exception is again Molyneux's slim tube.

SCHIAPARELLI'S FOX DOLMAN


SCHIAPARELLI'S HOODED CAPELET

PIGUET'S 3-CORNERED CAPE

LANVIN'S PLEATED, TIERED JACKET

Evening wraps ... short shoulder-coverage

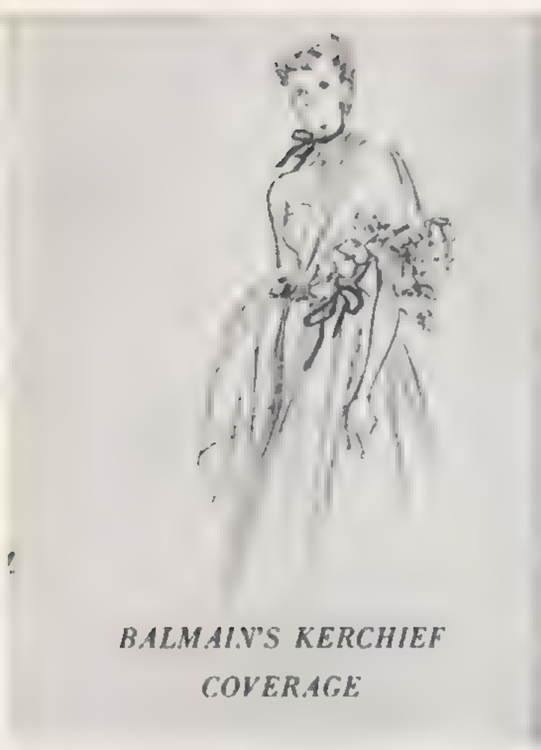
Paris wraps round out the shoulders, often take the line of a cape. Exceptionally there are pushed-up sleeves; shoulders extending into sleeves. And often tiers of fabric, the look of tiers in furs; the effect of a tiered costume—in Fath's showing, a bouffant jacket over a bouffant skirt.

SCHIAPARELLI'S CAVALIER CAPE COLLAR

SCHIAPARELLI'S DRAPED COLLAR

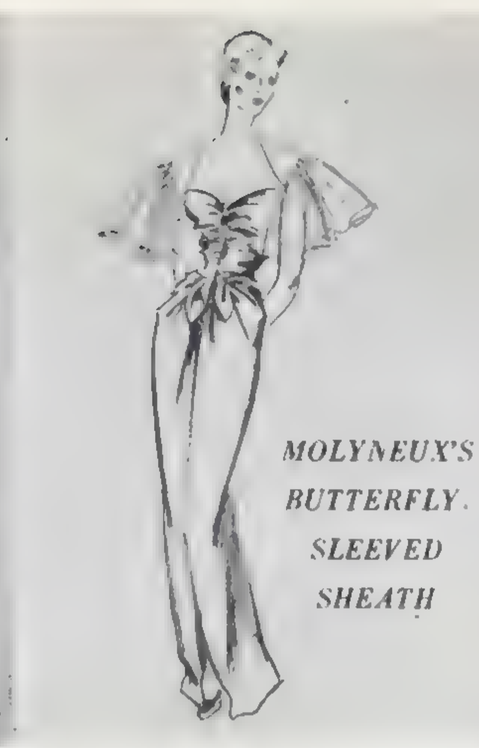
The caped coat

A main point of Schiaparelli's showing—capes and capelets; here as collars (and sleeves) for two coats. One extends to the waist point, where it buttons in back. The other cuffs the shoulders, folds down to a fitted waist.

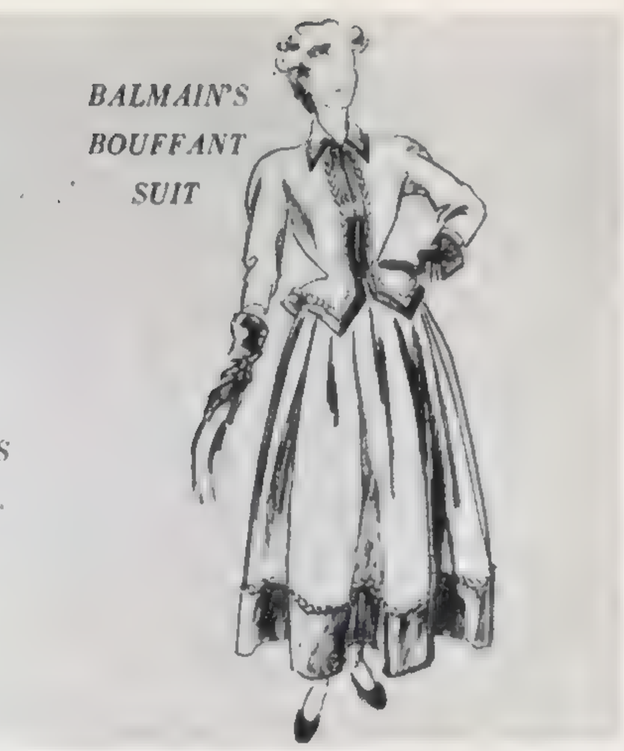


BALMAIN'S KERCHIEF COVERAGE

FATH'S PYRAMID SILHOUETTE



MOLYNEUX'S BUTTERFLY-SLEEVED SHEATH



BALMAIN'S BOUFFANT SUIT

High point neckline

Balmain endorses three climbing necklines, centers interest on chin-up collars, scarfs. For an afternoon suit, a high ascot, jutting out. For a mandarin jacket, the scarf of a blouse sashed three times around the neck. For a dress, a flower collar, velvet-faced.

BALMAIN'S JUTTING NECKLINE

BALMAIN'S WRAPPED NECKLINE

BALMAIN'S MORNING-GLORY COLLAR

Day-skirt variations

By day, Paris skirts take two silhouettes—the narrow-wrapped tube, the full-rounded bell. Schiaparelli makes two versions of the tubular skirt, makes news with an apron skirt, an underskirt wrapping in opposite ways for walking width. Grès fulls out a skirt at the hip point, accentuates roundness by a hand-span waist, high climbing, marked by a narrow belt.

GRÈS'S CORSELET-TOPPED SKIRT

SCHIAPARELLI'S BACK-WRAPPED SKIRT

SCHIAPARELLI'S SIDE-WRAPPED SKIRT

SKETCHES BY DAVID

HORST

MISS RUTH GORDON, actress and playwright, wearing a dress which Mainbocher made for her from two saris—
a gold and plum-coloured one for the skirt, a gold and butterfly-blue one for the bodice.

HONEYMAN

MRS. JOHN C. WILSON, photographed in Paris in two of the sari-dresses which Mainbocher made for her in New York.

At the right, she wears a dress which is wholly sari: rose-red, gold, and corn-coloured silk.

Below, a black sheath wound at the hips in a turban drapery made of cuttings of several saris.

Eastern saris in Western ways

In India, the way in which a woman winds her sari varies with her social status. But in the Western world now, the way a woman wears a sari depends upon her couturier. For the sari, in all its concentrated colour, has swept into a new atmosphere—becoming a new fashion in evening dresses. The women on these and the next two pages wear dresses which were cut for them by top designers, from the seven beautiful yards that a sari is. Some of the saris were collected through Indian merchants in New York; some were brought from the East by friends; one woman chose her sari at a bazaar in Benares. But in each case, there is a legend-splendour in the cloth: in patterns which can never be duplicated...in texture which may be a cloud of gauze, or a rich, opaque surface...in the molten gleam of a cloth which is woven by hand in threads of pure silk, pure gold, purist's colours.

Saris *(continued)*

THE DUCHESS OF WINDSOR wears a sari which has been made into a fuchsia and gold dinner dress. The skirt is ankle-length, tailored, with inverted pleats which, in motion, show a ribbon of woven gold. All the sari-dresses on these two pages designed by Castillo of Elizabeth Arden, especially for the women shown wearing them.

MRS. GILBERT MILLER wears a dress made of a burgundy and gold sari. The heavy gold border of the silk is worked into the waistband; below it, a full, soft skirt.

MRS. WOLCOTT BLAIR in another version of the sari designed as an informal dinner dress. Hers is gold and ripe plum, with a separate bolero.

RAWLINGS

MRS. WILLIAM RHINELANDER STEWART wears an illuminated dress, one of the most formal dresses to come of the sari. Made for Mrs. Stewart in two textures of a single sari—heavy, antique gold for the dress itself; gold gauze for the lightest of evening wraps, the scarf which Mrs. Stewart wears on her way to and from a party.

LEE MILLER

DYLAN THOMAS

THIS THIRTY-THREE-YEAR-OLD WELSHMAN IS ONE OF BRITAIN'S MOST BRILLIANT, UNTRAMMELED POETS, AUTHOR OF *DEATH AND ENTRANCES*, OF *PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST AS A YOUNG DOG*.

HOLIDAY MEMORY

by Dylan Thomas

BRITISH POET

AUGUST Bank Holiday—a tune on an ice cream cornet. A slap of sea and a tickle of sand. A fanfare of sunshades opening. A wince and whinny of bathers dancing into deceptive water. A tuck of dresses. A rolling of trousers. A compromise of paddlers. A sunburn of girls and a lark of boys. A silent hullabaloo of balloons.

I remember the sea telling lies in a shell held to my ear for a whole harmonious, hollow minute by a small, wet girl in an enormous bathing-suit marked Corporation Property. I remember sharing the last of my moist buns with a boy and a lion. Tawny and savage, with cruel nails and capacious mouth, the little boy tore and devoured. Wild as seedcake, ferocious as a hearthrug, the depressed and verminous lion nibbled like a mouse at his half-a-bun, and hiccupped in the sad dusk of his cage.

I remember a man like an alderman or a bailiff, bowlered and collarless, with a bag of monkey nuts in his hand, crying "Ride 'em cowboy!" time and time again as he whirled in his chairaplane giddily above the upturned laughing faces of the town girls bold as brass and the boys with padded shoulders and shoes sharp as knives; and the monkey nuts flew through the air like salty hair. Children all day capered or squealed by the glazed or bashing sea, and the steam-organ wheezed its waltzes in the threadbare playground and the waste lot, where the dodgems dodged, behind the pickle factory. And mothers loudly warned their proud pink daughters or sons to put the jellyfish down; and fathers spread newspapers over their faces; and sandfleas hopped on the picnic lettuce; and someone had forgotten the salt.

In those always radiant, rainless, lazily rowdy, and sky-blue summers departed, I remember August Monday from the rising of the sun over the stained and royal town to the husky hushing of the round-about music and the dousing of the naphtha jets in the seaside fair: from bubble-and-squeak to the last of the sandy sandwiches.

There was no need, that holiday morning, for the sluggardly boys to be shouted down to breakfast; out of their jumbled beds they tumbled, and scrambled into their rumpled clothes; quickly at the bathroom basin they catlicked their hands and faces, but never forgot to run the water loud and long as though they washed like colliers; in front of the cracked looking-glass, bordered with cigarette cards, in their treasure-trove bedrooms, they whisked a gap-tooth comb through their surly hair; and with shining cheeks and noses and tide-marked necks, they took the stairs three at a time.

But for all their scramble and scamper, clamour on the landing, catlick and toothbrush flick, hair-whisk and stair-jump, their sisters were always there before them. Up with the lady lark, they had prinked and frizzed and hot-ironed; and smug in their blossoming dresses, ribboned for the sun, in gymshoes white as the blanco'd snow, neat and silly with doilies and tomatoes they helped in the higgledy kitchen. They were calm; they were virtuous; they had washed their necks; they did not romp, or fidget; and only the smallest sister put out her tongue at the noisy boys. And the woman who lived next door came into the kitchen and said that her mother, an ancient, uncertain body who wore a hat with cherries, was having one of her days and had insisted, that very holiday morning, in carrying all the way to the tram-stop a photograph album and the cut-glass fruit bowl from the front room.

And the trams that hissed like ganders took us all to the beautiful beach. There was cricket on the sand, and sand in the sponge-cake, sandflies in the water cress, and foolish, mulish, religious donkeys on the unwilling trot. Girls undressed in slipping tents of propriety; under invisible umbrellas, stout ladies dressed for the male and immoral sea. Little naked navvies dug canals; children with spades and no ambition built fleeting castles; wispy young men, outside the bathing-huts, whistled at substantial young women and dogs who desired thrown stones more than the bones of elephants. Recalcitrant uncles huddled, over lukewarm ale, in the tiger-striped marquees. Mothers in black, like wobbling mountains, gasped under the discarded dresses of daughters who shrilly braved the gobbling waves. And fathers, in the once-a-year sun, took fifty winks. Oh, think of all the fifty winks along the paper-bagged sand.

Licorice allsorts, and Welsh hearts, were melting. And the sticks of rock that we all sucked were like barbers' poles made of rhubarb. In the distance, surrounded by disappointed theoreticians and an iron-monger with a drum, a cross man on an orange-box shouted that the holidays were wrong. And the waves rolled in, with rubber ducks and clerks upon them.

I REMEMBER the patient, laborious, and enamouring hobby, or profession, of burying relatives in sand. I remember the princely pastime of pouring sand, from cupped hands or bucket, down collars or tops of dresses, the shriek, the shake, the slap. I can remember the boy by himself, the beachcombing lone wolf, hungrily waiting at the edge of family cricket; the friendless fielder, the boy uninvited to bat or to tea. I remember the smell of sea and seaweed, wet flesh, wet hair, wet bathing-dresses, the warm smell as of a rabbity field after rain, the smell of pop and splashed sunshades and toffee, the stable-and-straw smell of hot, tossed, tumbled, dug, and trodden sand, the swill-and-gas-lamp smell of Saturday night, though the sun shone strong, from the bellying beer-tents, the smell of the vinegar on shelled cockles; winkle-smell, shrimp-smell, the dripping-oily back-street winter-smell of chips in newspapers, the smell of ships from the sun-dazed docks round the corner of the sandhills, the smell of the known and paddled-in sea moving, full of the drowned and herrings, out and away and beyond and further still towards the antipodes that hung their koala-bears and Maoris, kangaroos and boomerangs, upside down over the backs of the stars.

And the noise of pummelling Punch and Judy falling, and a clock tolling or telling no time in the tenantless town, now and again a bell from a lost tower or a train on the lines behind us clearing its throat, and always the hopeless, ravenous swearing and pleading of the gulls, donkey-bray and hawker-cry, harmonicas and toy trumpets, shouting and laughing and singing, hooting of tugs and tramps, the clip of the chair attendant's puncher, the *(Continued on page 76)*

PSYCHOANALYSIS: 5 QUESTIONS ANSWERED

by Dr. Eric Berne,

WELL-KNOWN PSYCHIATRIST

1.

WHAT IS "GOING TO A PSYCHIATRIST?"

"Going to a psychiatrist" means going to a physician who specializes in the study of human emotions. Going to a psychiatrist can help people become happier, more efficient, better able to cope with themselves and with the people and things around them.

A psychoanalyst is a psychiatrist who specializes in one form of psychiatric treatment, namely, psychoanalysis, which is the study and readjustment of the patient's Id tensions. (*Id* is the reservoir of psychic energy, of which the individual is not aware, derived from the raw life and death instincts. The Id works according to the pleasure principle.) Other psychiatrists use various other methods of treatment: different forms of psychotherapy, drug therapy, hypnosis, and shock treatment. "Non-analytic" psychiatrists are generally referred to simply as "psychiatrists," to distinguish them from psychoanalysts, just as "non-operating" doctors are called "physicians" to distinguish them from surgeons, although actually every physician is something of a surgeon and every surgeon is something of a physician. The psychoanalyst is mainly concerned with the patient's unconscious wishes, while the psychiatrist is mostly interested in the patient's conscious reactions to his surroundings.

2.

WHAT IS PSYCHOANALYSIS?

First of all, psychoanalysis is a method of treatment, and every analyst is first a physician. He tries to relieve his patients of their complaints, and also to send them forth free of unnecessary doubts, unreasonable guilts, distressing self-reproaches, faulty judgments, and unwise impulses. Psychoanalysis tries to remold the personality, and not merely to comfort the patient. But the analyst is only a guide and adviser, and the patient or "analyzand" has the responsibility in the end for the finished product.

Secondly, analysis is a method for the scientific observation and study of the personality, especially in regard to wishes, impulses, and motives.

Thirdly, analysis is a system of scientific psychology. This means that the observations and ideas of psychoanalysis can be used in an attempt to predict human behavior and the outcomes of human relationships, such as marriage and parenthood.

3.

HOW IS PSYCHOANALYSIS CARRIED ON?

The process of psychoanalysis consists in the study and reorganization of the personality in order to enable the individual to store tensions with more wisdom and less discomfort until the appropriate time for relief, and also to express freely without doubts or guilts, in accordance with the Reality Principle, tensions whose relief is permitted or demanded by a situation. For example, it tries to enable him to conceal irritation when it is wise to do so, and express anger when it is worthy to do so.

Psychoanalysis attempts to do this by studying the Id tensions of the individual, opening avenues for relief when it is practical, and bringing them as much as possible under conscious control. To complete the process requires sessions lasting about an hour, three to six times a week, for at least a year. If the study lasts less than a year, or there are fewer than three sessions a week, it is almost impossible to carry it through to completion. If the extent of the treatment is cut in either of these two ways, the psychoanalytic method may be used, but the individual will not have been psychoanalyzed. A complete psychoanalysis is always a long and tedious process. Nothing short of this constitutes "a psychoanalysis."

In order to make the unconscious conscious, and to bring under observation the unsatisfied tensions which have collected in the Id since earliest childhood, the patient usually lies on a couch, at the head of which sits the analyst out of the patient's sight. Thus the patient's mind is free to work without distractions. He cannot see the doctor's face and so is not disturbed by the latter's facial reaction, if any, to what he says. This avoids some interference with the free flow of thoughts, since there is no doubt that in most cases if he had an idea as to what made the analyst look pleased or displeased, he would tend to regulate what he said accordingly, and might be influenced more than is desirable by observing the doctor's behavior. The doctor can also relax better and concentrate harder on what the patient says, since he is not under the continual scrutiny of the latter.

The method used is called "free association." By this is meant the free expression of a free flow of ideas not hindered or changed by the usual conscious censoring forces: the conscious Ego Ideal (politeness, shame, self-respect), the conscious conscience (religion, education, and other principles), and the conscious Ego (orderliness, reality-testing, conscious desire for gain). Indeed, the very things the patient would usually not say are often the most important ones for the analysis. Thus, he will sometimes underline the significant things by his very hesitancy. It is the things the patient feels are obscene, wicked, rude, irrelevant, boring, trivial, or absurd, which the analyst frequently pays special attention to.

In the freely associating state, the patient's mind often becomes crowded with desires, feelings, reproaches, memories, fancies, judgments, and new viewpoints, often in an apparently disordered jumble. And yet in spite of the seeming confusion and lack of connection, every utterance and gesture has its bearing on some ungratified Id tension. As the hours go by, day after day, meanings and connections begin to appear out of the disordered skein of thoughts. Gradually there may develop over a long period some central themes referring to a series of ungratified infantile tensions long buried from conscious recognition which are at the bottom of the patient's personality structure and from which his symptoms and associations arise. The patient's experience during the analysis may be a feeling of jumping from one thing to another without rhyme or reason. Often it is difficult or impossible for him to see the common threads running

through. This is where the skill of the analyst performs its function, by detecting and pointing out the underlying tensions which bring forth and hold together seemingly disconnected associations.

The analyst keeps a strictly neutral attitude toward his patients, even though his life is bound up with theirs daily for one or more years, and he relives with them in minute detail their current and past experiences.

Since the analyst's job, in a way, is mostly to point out to the patient when he is fooling himself, the doctor must maintain a continual attitude of self-criticism to make sure that he is not, out of sympathy, allowing the patient to fool the doctor as well as himself. The analyst's attitude toward the patient is called *counter-transference.* The analyst must be just as skillful in detecting and handling this feeling as he is in detecting and handling the patient's attitude toward him, which is called *transference.*

THIS is one of the reasons why it is necessary for every recognized orthodox psychoanalyst (that is, a member of the American Psychoanalytic Society or one of its recognized institutes) to be analyzed himself before he starts to practice, for if he did not understand his own unconscious tensions thoroughly, he might unwittingly allow his judgment to be influenced by the counter-transference of his own mood or sympathies of the moment, and he might lose sight of or damage the long-term effect of the treatment. The purpose of analysis is not to make the patient feel comfortable while he is with the doctor, but to enable him to handle his own problems independently of the doctor in the long years to come. A misplaced word might encourage a harmful self-pitying attitude or seem to justify the patient's errors in judgment, which it is the purpose of the treatment to teach him to avoid. This does not mean that the analyst is inhuman or unsympathetic. It only means that he has to be able to recognize his own feelings clearly, so that he will not unconsciously justify or criticize the patient. The patient comes to the analyst for understanding, not for moral verdicts. The doctor remains neutral only for the patient's good, and not because he is cold.

Analysis does *not* make the patient dependent upon the doctor. In fact, it deliberately takes pains to avoid this, by analyzing and carefully dissolving this very bond (the relationship between the doctor and the patient) so that the patient will be a free individual, independent and able to stand on his own feet. This is the very purpose of analysis.

The reader will now understand that, contrary to popular belief, when a parlor psychologist, or even a professional psychiatrist, fixes someone with a gimlet eye and says: "My, but you are an introvert!" this is *not* psychoanalysis. Psychoanalysis is a very special and definite method of observation and psychotherapy which takes a long, long time.

4.

WHAT HAPPENS DURING AN ANALYSIS?

During analysis, the image of the analyst tends gradually to become charged with all the piled-up energy of ungratified Id wishes which has collected since the patient's earliest infancy. Once this energy has been corralled in one image, it can be studied and redistributed, and the tensions partly relieved by analyzing the patient's image of the analyst. In ordinary language, this means that after a while the patient may become very emotional about the analyst. Since in reality he knows very little about the doctor, he must be acting and feeling in accordance with an image he made up himself. The analyst remains neutral throughout the treatment, and actually presents himself to the patient as not much more than a guiding voice. As there is no reasonable basis for loving or hating a neutral person, the feelings which swirl around the image of the analyst must not have been aroused by him, but by other people, and the patient with his permission and sometimes encouragement, uses the analyst as a scapegoat for tensions he could not relieve on their proper objects. He transfers his libido and mortido from these objects to his image of the analyst. That is why the attitude of the patient toward the analyst is called transference. (*Libido* is the energy of the life instinct: the energy tensions which are relieved by construction, creation, and bringing closer together. *Mortido* is the energy of the death instinct: the energy tensions which are relieved by destruction, elimination, and separation.)

We may say this in still another way: during the analysis, in a manner of speaking, the patient may attempt to finish the unfinished business of his childhood, using the analyst as a substitute for his parents, so that afterward he can devote all his energies to the business of being an adult.

Of course this is an attempt which is never completely successful. The patient has to give up his defenses, painfully erected over a period of years, and meet his disagreeable and unacceptable Id impulses in the open and wrestle with them. He is willing to do this for the sake of getting better, for the sake of the money he is paying, and for the sake of the analyst's approval. It is sometimes an uncomfortable, distressing, and painful experience, and the analyst uses every method he can to make the patient anxious to fight hard to get well. Otherwise he may try to prolong his nice cosy protected relationship with the doctor. This cosy feeling, combined with his unconscious reluctance to part with his symptom defenses and the attention and self-pitying satisfaction he may get through them, might drag the treatment out indefinitely.

ANALYSIS attempts to change emotions, not merely to call them names. It is a talking treatment only because words are the best way the patient has of expressing his emotions to himself and to the doctor. The important things are the feelings and what happens to them, and not the scientific words used to describe them.

The idea that analysis consists of deciding which adjectives to apply to a patient is entirely wrong. Adjectives cure no neuroses. It may be interesting, and reassuring, to be told that one is a thymergasic extroverted pyknophilic endomorph with an inferiority complex and disharmonious vagotonic borborygmi, but it is not curative.

Lavinia Eris, at the beginning of her analysis with Dr. Treece, asked:

"Doctor, at the end of this treatment, will you give me a sort of diagram of myself with a description of my personality?"

To which Dr. Treece replied:

"Madam, if at the end of the treatment you still wish to have a written description of your personality, then the treatment will have been a failure!"

There is one thing above all that we must learn: namely, that happiness depends upon the fluid and dynamic urges and feelings of the human spirit, and not upon a group of neatly labeled and classified gadgets which have only to be plugged in at the right time for the toast of life to emerge neatly browned and buttered. Unfortunately, the popular magazines, and many legitimate psychologists as well, only too freely encourage and elaborate the "dashboard" theory of the personality at the expense of the individual dynamic approach. Psychoanalysis leaves to others the answers to such questions as: "Are you intelligent?" "What is your charm quotient?" and "Are you a typical wife?"

Psychoanalysts are concerned with *(Continued on page 77)*

BRITAIN'S WAVE-LENGTH FOR INTELLECTUALS

by Elizabeth Bowen

BRITISH NOVELIST

THE big test for any new venture is, I suppose, the kind of publicity it makes for itself as it goes along. The British Broadcasting Company's Third Programme was, is, by every showing a quite new venture, not only in British radio but in radio at all. September 29, 1946, was the day; that day, I can not imagine that any listener tuning in at 6 P.M. to the wave-length was without some tremor of the dramatic sense. Clocks were set; a queer critical silence pervaded rooms. New æsthetic history was going into the making.

It is news for Britain that culture should make news. As a start, of course, we are shy of the word; and perhaps we always shall be; and perhaps rightly. Rather than "culture," then, let me say "art." The metamorphosis of wartime with regard to music, literature, and drama has been commented on; but comment must still be delicate and go slowly. Third Programme's projectors took the public up on a demand the public hardly knew it had made. The offer—for what was it but an offer?—mixed assurance with simplicity: both were startling. George Barnes, the Third Programme's head, on the eve, in *The Listener* of September 26, issued what you could call the manifesto:

"For whom [he said] is this Third Programme, and what is its policy? To begin with, I would say that it is for the alert and receptive listener, the listener who is willing first of all to make an effort in selection and then to meet the performer half-way by giving his whole attention to what is being broadcast.

"The programme is not planned for continuous listening night after night, week in week out. Every night there will be a principal item of considerable length demanding sustained attention. But equally every night something in addition to the chief item will be provided for people of different tastes who wish to hear ideas discussed or to share æsthetic experience.

"We shall make no attempt to appeal to everyone all the time, nor shall we try to be all things to all men. On one issue, however, which crops up whenever broadcasting, and particularly British broadcasting, is discussed, our intention is clear.

"There are those who dislike being 'talked at,' who demand 'performance' and nothing else, who find popular exposition often condescending and often irritating—highbrows is the name given to them by their opponents.

"On the other side are those who want things to be explained, believing that the generally cultivated person no longer exists; who have, like horses, to be led to water. Compromise on this issue antagonizes all. We shall therefore provide the programme and not the notes. There will be few 'hearing aids' for listeners to the Third Programme."

One idea, or ideal, is dominant: performance—not merely the *what* of the broadcasting but the *how*. It was high time that, in Britain, we had again what Third Programme is not ashamed to stand for: a demand for the best. Here in Britain, war and the slow recovery have been in all fields threatening us with a loss of standard: isolation, restrictions, substitutes, and make-do's bred a resignation, or thankfulness for anything in any form, which could affect art badly if we were not pulled clear. Æsthetically our senses need resharpening: the Third Programme's perfectionism (as some see it) may be hard to take, may be antagonizing, but it is bracing. Stress on style, manner, execution, if necessary virtuosity—can we in Britain, now, at present have too much of that? War on the slurred, the sagging, the slovenly—can that be carried too far? In music, demonstrably not. So far, Third Programme towers on its musical side—the policy of extending knowledge and taste, of inviting and inducing discrimination has been declared and stuck to: it may be felt at work.

Already there is one novel exciting trend—a Europeanism of outlook. This shows in the fair—though still, necessarily, cautious—proportion of contemporary foreign work: drama, music, poetry, philosophic discussion. War having set up a time-lag in our artistic contacts—yes, and our intellectual contacts too—we British have an immense amount to catch up with. We need exactly the stimulus outside thought can supply. Continental artists come to Third Programme studios—and, as soon as it becomes technically possible, performances from theatres and opera houses of the Continent will be heard. As fast as Europe is opened up, Third Programme hopes to extend its range. Hopes, also, to be reciprocal—to give back: at present it can not be heard across the Channel. In these directions it will be necessary, of course, to go gently—and persuasively gentle is still the pace. George Barnes hopes, for instance, to build up a British public for foreign language listening: why not, for instance, one act of "Hamlet," in Barrault's French, followed by the same act as played here by, say, Gielgud? The interest of comparing the two techniques, the two different applications of emotional pressure, would—even for those who may not understand French—be endless. Language can put out a majesty in its sheer sound, even apart from sense: in poetry and, at its greatest, prose this becomes apparent. My own feeling is that in listening to spoken (or broadcast) speech, we have listened for sense too much and for sound too little. However, the intelligent listener's wish for *intelligibility* must take first place still—Sartre's "*Huis Clos*" in English gave him enough to bite on!

IN the matter of drama, Third Programme is always casting around. The high merits of a play as a play still may not make it suitable as an air form. The air-performed drama should have this aspiration: not only not to lose but to *gain* from the invisibility of the actors. This rules out any play that relies, for instance, on purely visual effect—the significant tableau, pose, or grouping. Obviously, poetic drama must score, from the fact of its pace, movement, and colour being in the words and the delivery of the words. The dramatic formality of the classics has made these ideal—the *Agamemnon* of Aeschylus and the *Hippolytus* of Euripides have not only been superb experiences for the listener, they have taught lessons. Lessons, because it becomes clearer and clearer that we need drama-writing, on a high plane, specially *for* the air: in *(Continued on page 73)*

U.S. RADIO: THE SERIOUS SIDE

by Mahonri Sharp Young

PROFESSOR OF COMMUNICATIONS AT

SARAH LAWRENCE COLLEGE

RADIO is worried about the people who don't listen because they can't find anything they want to hear. With its obvious, enormous potentialities, with its leverage on the public's mind, its curving tentacles moulding public opinion, radio wants to get at those dissidents, those mockers, who refuse, partially from ignorance, to listen to the good things already on the air. There should be more good things. It is possible to create whole new audiences not now being reached; the British Broadcasting Company has managed to do this with its Third Programme. For radio should pull up, not down; serious need not mean dull. American radio's own mood of self-examination is the best sign for the future; what is wrong with the industry in this country is almost as popular a panel topic as the Truman Doctrine.

But just what is there across the board in American radio besides Henry Morgan, spoofing his sponsors, in case you feel as I do—that he is one of the brightest things in radio—and in case you are willing to forget that ridiculing radio may become a radio routine? What is there that might not be called dull? What that might be called serious?

CBS has opened up a rich new vein with its hour-long, carefully edited, completely authentic documentaries. "The Eagle's Brood" deals with juvenile delinquency, and not in a way to bore you: "Harry didn't say he was skipping. He must be off with those Mexican kids he hangs around with—to a picture show. He sleeps there sometimes—all night under the seats—or he rides the street cars." Again, "There were four of them. One, sixteen—two, seventeen—and the fourth, nineteen. Haltingly, they looked through the bars and sketched their stories... One boy had been baptized that morning. He wore a cross on a chain around his neck. Another said he was getting comfort from the Bible. The third just sat on the edge of his cot. The fourth was reading a comic magazine. They were waiting to be executed. This is actually happening—in America today."

Is that what you are accustomed to hearing on the radio? "A Long Life and a Merry One," on CBS, deals with public health, even your health: "Where would we find the room for her? She's normal in every other respect. But some morning I'm going to open up the newspaper and read that she's found the person the voice described. And that will be too late. Because she wants to kill him!" Or, "We're called the healthiest nation in the world, yet six other countries have lower death rates than ours."

ABC has presented "Slums I," "Slums II"—indictments of existing housing, eloquent pleas for better; you won't forget the matter-of-fact voice, so different from usual radio dramatics, of the woman whose child died from rat bites. WMCA, a New York independent station, received a Peabody Award for "New World A-Coming," a fighting series titled and written for the first year by Roi Ottley, now produced by Joseph Gottlieb, which fights racial intolerance, and "One World or None," which deals with atomic energy.

What about drama written specifically for radio? Archibald MacLeish has not added to his poetic reputation by his serial activities, including his Easter digest of the Gospels. There remains Norman Corwin, who is following his well-recorded "One World" trip with what may be a one-way trip to Hollywood. Here radio points with pride, for its current reputation as a serious literary form stands and falls with his. Yet stripped of the voices, the narrator, the cosmic noises, what is left in print of Norman Corwin is false bonhomie, geographical, even sidereal splendor, and bombast. Inflation affects other things besides finance. In Corwin's radio play *Between Americans*, he wrote: "Cape Cod and the Sierra Nevada...Gloucester and Death Valley...The Great Lakes and the Rockies...Old Orchard and the Great Plains...Williamsburg and Yosemite...steel mills at Pittsburgh and geysers at Yellowstone...this can be a kind of a fierce country, too. Ever notice the way its mountains frown down sometimes? Know what they're frownin' at?" The complaint is frequent that radio does not produce new comedy talent; it has not yet produced new literary talent either.

THE public interest is served, say the broadcasters and the Federal Communications Commission, by forums, panels, discussions. "America's Town Meeting of the Air" is literate, intelligent, mature. If you had listened one recent Thursday night over the American Broadcasting network you would have heard Rebecca West saying:

"We have to regard the Germans as mental patients whose permanent cure is to be hoped for.... I am willing to concede that the Germans are not bad but mad.... Let us forget all we can about the madness of Germany, but only as a physician forgets his patient's symptoms, to remember them if need be, for his sake, for the community's sake. And let us remember those words, 'Physician, heal thyself.'... If you took over a cannibal island and you wanted to get people to stop eating auntie and go on lamb chops...you'd have to use a certain number of people who had been cannibals to persuade them."

Knowledge with the husk on, for intellectual athletes only, is featured on "Invitation to Learning" (Sunday, 12:00 noon EST over CBS); the introduction to the Bhagavad-Gita, the Little Flowers of St. Francis, to name two of the season's topics, was rather bleak. The "Chicago Round Table" (Sunday 1:30 P.M. E.S.T., over most stations of NBC) varies in interest like any professional talk: on a good Sunday you'll hear Barbara Ward of the London *Economist* speaking on one of her many interests, radio (she's governor of the BBC); otherwise you may get a perfectly worthy half-hour on aggression in children. The technique of far too many discussion shows consists in planting any two or three "experts" on, say, veterans' affairs in front of the microphone with their faces to the clock, boring from within and hoping for the best. No one could accuse the program managers of running in ringers, of picking the protagonists for their radio personalities. Cynics have suggested that educational programs are kept dull on purpose, though this would *(Continued on page 74)*

MY NEW SPANISH FAMILY

by Grace Hegger Lewis

WHO ACQUIRED ONE BY MARRIAGE

LAST autumn, when my husband and I flew to Spain, I was to meet his family for the first time. Our plane landed in Madrid, where we took the train for Galicia in northwest Spain. We arrived there at four A.M. in complete darkness. Several figures with flashlights approached. They were brothers- and sisters-in-law, a lovely blond niece, and a young man with a donkey. Beneath their incoherent cries of love (my husband had not been home for many years), I felt their disappointment that I spoke so little Spanish; but with arms entwined and wobbling flashlights, we fumbled through the black and silent town followed by the young man with the donkey, which now carried our two bags.

I had been warned that the *Casa Grande* (the Big House) was on top of a steep and stony hill, but always I had thought my husband exaggerated. He had not. It was an ankle-twister and a torment, but it was the only way to approach the ancestral home.

We passed through a gateway, a garden, a big wooden door, and there, at the top of a stone stairway, stood the tiny figure of my unknown mother-in-law—white hair, aquiline nose, and trembling smile—in a high-boned collar, long sleeves and skirt, a black shawl. The impact of emotion was so great that tears poured down my face. We sat for a while in a large *sala* of formal red velvet furniture and family portraits and dim electric lights (copper wire was hard to get for the powerhouse and we had light only from 9 P.M. to 9 A.M.). Then maids, in black and starched white collars and cuffs, began to hover and smile and cry, too, and we were taken to the dining room for breakfast.

It wasn't much of a breakfast—that is the only meal which does not count in Spain. I found later that the family usually wandered in, in dressing gowns, anywhere from nine-thirty to ten-thirty, and sipped a cup of chocolate or hot milk with a dash of coffee in it, ate a piece of coarse, grey, rationed bread with lovely sweet butter. (We had no ice box—just deep, cold cellars where the food never spoiled. Butter was kept in a large soup tureen, in cold water which was changed several times during the day.) I noticed the two small nephews were given spoonfuls of condensed milk—as a sort of tonic.

Everywhere upon my return to America people have asked, "What are conditions in Spain?" And my answer is: "I don't know."

I don't know because I was in Spain only five weeks, four weeks lived intensively in the heart of my husband's family, and three days in Madrid. And along with this limitation of time, there was also the limitation of language. So let me confine myself to what I saw with my eyes and my heart, and continue to present a typical picture of life in a Spanish family which derives its income from the land, from the wine-giving grape.

After breakfast we were shown our rooms, two large high-ceilinged bedrooms and bath, shut off from the inner gallery by a great carved door. I discovered later that all the bedrooms were arranged in these small apartments, which made for sensible privacy where several branches of a large family lived under one roof. The *Casa Grande* is five hundred years old, with walls ten feet thick, but our bathroom was very modern, all green-and-white tiles. The wooden beds, bureaus, and gigantic wardrobes in our bedroom were all made from our own oak trees, and constructed and carved in the village carpenter shop.

From the French windows, which opened onto balconies, I could see vineyards climbing up the mountains in all directions, and, as the day grew brighter, along the narrow paths, men in berets and corduroys moving unhurriedly toward their work. Beneath the balconies the orderly day of the *Casa Grande* began. The boy who had brought our bags on donkeyback was chopping wood for the kitchen stove. Oxen, with long horns and collars of possum fur and a bell, were being hitched to carts with solid wooden wheels. A maid from the house joined the parade of peasant women outside the gate, balancing on their heads copper water jars to be filled at the mountain spring a quarter of a mile away—this for drinking water only.

Inside the house there was a flurry of morning activity. Maids were sweeping the floor with twig brooms and dusting the *bargueños* (wooden chests with many compartments and secret drawers carved with the family coat of arms). The eighty-seven-year-old Mother was supervising the seamstress who was running up some cotton dresses on a sewing machine. Later I learned that at this hour each day the hairdresser came from the village to dress the hair of the ladies of the house, for which service twenty *pesetas* a month per person was charged—all this bliss for a little more than a dollar a month, present exchange.

The Mother never left the house except to go to church, but she was never idle. I have seen her beating a cake for a fiesta, or at midnight, with incredibly fine stitches, mending an old linen towel. In the late afternoon I would accompany her on her daily visit to the chicken coop to hunt for eggs. In that house the Mother was everywhere—gentle, tolerant, and very close to God. Spanish tolerance is wonderfully expressed in the phrase: "*Es una costumbre.*" No matter what I may have done which seemed strange to her, I am sure she dismissed it with a smiling "It is a custom."

I WAS still unpacking, sorting out the presents we had brought—the nylon stockings (in Spain they were selling at $5 to $10 a pair in the black market), fountain pens, cigarette lighters, lipsticks, and compacts—when my husband was called to greet the old men and women who had known him since childhood. Felipe, Domingo, Nikolas, Quinto, Santiago, Chucho, Gallo were standing in the gallery, dusty black berets in their gnarled hands. With tear-bright eyes they threw themselves on my husband's broad chest, clasped their arms around him and kissed him on both cheeks. "Don Telesforo has come home!"

Then I was introduced, and I, too, was kissed on the cheeks by the women and on the right hand by the men. There was no servility in these gestures. They came from the heart, and from a kind of democracy based on personal dignity and not on the need to scream "I'm as good as you are, and a darn sight better!"

Emotion breeds hunger, and I had not eaten since dawn, but the midday meal was not until two-thirty or three. There were fourteen of us gathered at the long table, and often more, with three small fry who had been at school from ten till two. Prayers were said by the Mother, and then came the big meal of the day which is characteristic of Spain. Yes, people are hungry here, because there has been a drought for three years, because there is an ugly black market, because little has been imported. But at least in the province where I was living, every man has his own plot of ground to grow vegetables. He is paid top wages the year round, though often his work is seasonal. He gets his firewood, and bedding for his livestock, free from the family forests; and no man, be he neighbour or itinerant stranger, need go without food if he stop at the door of the *Casa Grande*. Daily the fish train from the northern seaports stops at our station. The family mill grinds the community meal for the huge round, coarse loaves. All the town has enough to eat, if not in the variety and quantity of pre-revolutionary days. Last summer there was a good harvest of grain, and soon there should be more and better bread, and sleeker cattle.

DINNER began with soup, often the *caldo gallego*, a soup made of dried beans and fresh greens with a strong broth base. (The soup simmered in a big iron pot on the back of the stove, and was ladled by the bowlfuls to those who knocked and asked for food.) Then a baked fish or stuffed squids (octopus tentacles), or a pastry filled with ground meat. Next, a roast of veal or young milk-fed goat, with vegetables and boiled potatoes. Then *flan*, a caramel custard, or a huge round almond cake, the nuts gathered from the trees which lined the driveway. Finally, there were fruit, cheese, and coffee. With dinner we drank a glass or two of the strong red wine for which this house is famous, and afterwards, perhaps a liqueur of aniseed, or brandy, but never cocktails or highballs.

After dinner came a siesta, and this first long day we were grateful for it. But by five I was eager to see the village which straggled down the hillside and the small town below near the railroad station. Down that steep and stony hill greetings seemed to come from the very cracks of the white-plastered walls. Gossip had already spread the news that the North American could speak little Spanish, but this was not cause for derisive laughter, only the tender inquiry: "Do you understand?" And I, nodding and smiling and *not* understanding, finally reached the macadam road of the lower town. There the citizens who owned the shops emerged from behind their plate-glass windows to shake hands with Don Telesforo who had come home, and to ask what he thought of the changes in the place.

With two hours of daylight-saving, the twilight was long and beautiful. Don José, the parish priest, came to call, and a neighbouring landowner with his smartly dressed wife and daughters, wearing tan string gloves and no hats—no woman ever wears a hat in Spain except in the big cities in the wintertime, and at concerts and weddings.

I had been warned about these lengthy twilight visits and had brought with me a piece of needlepoint. This earned me an undeserved reputation for industry and for a larger vocabulary than I possessed. One day, during one of these long visits, I discovered the cook just outside the living-room door. She was the Communist of the household and, during the Revolution, was known as "*La Pasionaria*" after the famous woman deputy now broadcasting propaganda from Moscow. At this particular moment, however, she was turning a broom upside down and sprinkling salt upon its twigs; then she leaned it against the door. This was to speed the departure of the lingering guests...and it worked.

After these visits we usually went for a stroll in the vineyards, then to supper, which was served between nine-thirty and ten. It was much the same as dinner, except that there was no soup and the food was lighter—eggs, a rice dish with vegetables and chicken, a haddock and salad—though with never enough green leaves to satisfy my American taste.

That first day I was ready to topple over with fatigue, but we were still to be serenaded by the village chorus, trained by one of my sisters-in-law. Not one of these men could read a note, but by ear they sang the most complicated scores of folk songs and church music. As I stood with my new and already dear Spanish family at the top of the stone stairway, I thrilled to the ancient beauty of the Galician music and found myself joining in the choruses. "But she is singing with us, the North American. *Que simpática!*"

And how *simpático* too were my new brothers- and sisters-in-law. One was the local mayor, voluntarily chosen by the same people who had been against all landowners in the revolution. Another had built a modern mill and the first motion picture house. Another was a justice of civil law, with a chic wife who was a fine musician.

For our excursions we had only one motor car and, because we were numerous, ten of us rode in the police wagon, which was an old Ford delivery car with the roof and benches on either side covered with red brocade. The only concession to crime was the barred window in the rear door, but even this was discreetly covered with a red curtain.

In the police wagon we visited a gipsy fair to buy a donkey. The gipsies were darker skinned than I expected, with black spit curls, eyelashes as thick as a Fuller brush. They seemed resentful of any physical touch—except the open palm crossed with paper money. We also went to a country wedding at which suddenly the community blossomed into hats and furs and city frocks. It was at this wedding that I saw my one and only Falangist in uniform, looking distinctly uncomfortable. Not once did I see a Fascist salute or hear the Franco cry, "*Arriba, España!*"

Family feast days were frequent and always began with Mass; I never ceased to be surprised by myself in a black lace mantilla—it did something rather lovely to my face and my spirit. We were still wearing summer dresses with short sleeves, so when we went to church, bare arms had to be covered with "rebeccas." (The "rebecca" is a long-sleeved black cashmere cardigan, and gets its name from the movie *Rebecca*, in which Joan Fontaine wore one. These sweaters are tremendously popular, in all colours and for all ages.) When we came out of the church, a maid would be waiting to take our veils and prayer-books in case we wanted to go for a walk.

QUICKLY the days passed; it was time for me to leave if I hoped to get three short days in Madrid. Spaniards are superb craftsmen, and in the shops I saw beautifully made leather shoulder-strap bags, pretty shoes with high platform soles of native cork, and the universal wedgie. There was silver and gold jewellery, especially dingle-dangle bracelets. Shop windows were alluring, but most of the stock was in the windows and not on the shelves. Smart dressmakers go to Paris for designs but they are not allowed to bring back models, and as the materials provided by the industries are inferior—well, it is hard to make bricks without straw.

The fashion and house decoration magazines are very good, patterned closely after ours, published mostly in Barcelona and Buenos Aires. In them are short stories translated from unfamiliar English authors (unfamiliar at least to me), an archaic serial by Rider Haggard, and a comic strip of "Blondie." The comics are passionately read by the youth of Spain along with tales of the Moors and Crusaders in comic format.

THE FOGG ART MUSEUM AT HARVARD

by Allene Talmey

PAUL J. SACHS COLLECTION

"ST. AGATHA," silver point, by STRIGEL

THE Fogg Art Museum at Harvard University is a unique institution. Refusing the usual publicity of museums and universities, its life has remained almost a professional secret while it has gone on, with a passion hidden from the general public, to evolve three collections, one of which contains masterpieces unmatched in the world. The other two collections are the best of their field in this country. At the same time, the Fogg has affected most of the museums in this country through the direct method of placing some fifty of its graduates as museum directors, and putting one hundred and sixty-six more in important museum jobs. (Some, of course, took their undergraduate work at Princeton, Yale, or other universities.) In its Museum Training Courses and its research in the Conservation of Art, the Fogg has made two great contributions. At the same time, the Fogg has affected art teaching, partly through putting some 132 teachers at work throughout the country, but primarily because it developed the theory that teaching must be done from original works of art. The Fogg Museum acts as the laboratory of the Fine Arts Department, with its 500 Harvard and Radcliffe students; just as the Widener and Houghton Libraries are the laboratories of the English Literature Department. Langdon Warner, the great Orientalist at the Fogg, tells his students as they finger a superb jade horse head, "Only way to feel jade is through the thumbs."

Just outside the Harvard Yard stands the Fogg, a big cool Georgian building of pinky-red brick, with an interior that seems grey and frozen in winter, grey and chilly in summer, with its stone arcaded Renaissance courtyard, designed for a sunny country to warm up the rough stone. In the corners of that yard are four extraordinarily beautiful grey sandstone baroque statues of the Four Seasons. In that curiously passionless building, good-looking but charmless, are the Fogg's library, galleries, classrooms. Although the Fogg is not a rival of the great museums, since it is primarily a college shop, it is considered the best equipped university museum. The importance of its collections lies partly in their intrinsic value, partly in their teaching use. "To say that photographs are good enough for teaching is nonsense; only masterpieces are good enough for teaching" is the basic philosophy of the Fogg. Since art is the nerve centre of the humanities, and as the arts can not be studied with maximum effect in a vacuum, the Fogg's collections are of enormous importance to other departments at Harvard.

Although the Fogg has original masterpieces of every period in three fields, its outstanding collection of drawings, gathered primarily by Dr. John Witt Randall, Charles A. Loeser, Grenville L. Winthrop, and Paul J. Sachs, is the best in the United States. (The finest in the world is in the British Museum.) In its Oriental collection, the archaic jades, the Chinese bronzes, especially a bronze dragon ("Hasn't he quite a prance to him?"), and the Buddhist sculpture from China can hold up with any Oriental masterpieces. Among its extraordinary pieces is a Buddhist head of a woman with a halo and jade-green eyebrows, found painted on the wall of a Chinese cave chapel. Unique in the world, this eighth-century wall painting was brought out of Kansi Province, China, on one of the Warner expeditions. On another expedition Warner found a large, brittle, unbaked clay Bodhisattva of enormous interest, which he carried in his arms for forty days to the nearest railhead. *(Continued on page 49)*

SIX DRAWINGS FROM THE FAMOUS FOGG COLLECTION: HERE AND ON NEXT PAGES.
STRIGEL, GERMAN, 1460-1528; THIS DRAWING IS A TRANSITION FROM THE GOTHIC.
INGRES, FRENCH, 1780-1867; ONE OF THE GREATEST DRAUGHTSMEN OF ALL TIME.
PAJOU, FRENCH SCULPTOR, 1730-1809; HIS DRAWINGS NOTED FOR THEIR FREEDOM.
DEGAS, FRENCH, 1834-1917; CONSIDERED THE WORLD'S GREATEST PASTELLIST.
WATTEAU, FRENCH, 1684-1721; HIS DRAWINGS, HIS STUDIES, RANK AS TREASURES.
LUINI, ITALIAN, 1475-1532; THIS DRAWING NOTABLE FOR ITS SKILL AND SERENITY.

GRENVILLE L. WINTHROP COLLECTION

"LA BAIGNEUSE," pencil and water colour, by INGRES

IN THE FOGG MUSEUM

"MOTHER AND CHILD," pen and wash, by PAJOU

BOTH IN PAUL J. SACHS COLLECTION

"AFTER THE BATH," crayon, by DEGAS

"STUDIES OF HEADS," crayon, by WATTEAU

PAUL J. SACHS COLLECTION

IN THE FOGG MUSEUM

(Continued from page 44) The third notable collection is of French paintings of the late eighteenth century to the middle nineteenth, given by Grenville L. Winthrop, Harvard, '85, an extraordinary art lover who began as a student of Professor Richard Norton, a fine, dashing student-spellbinder who led his disciples down the Ruskin path. Eventually Winthrop, who began with Ruskin and Turner drawings, roamed the collector's acres, to give, as well, to the Fogg, Buddhist bronzes, Persian paintings, Mayan and Central American objects. Some of these, Grenville Winthrop, who was called "a distinguished gentleman of the old school," originally kept in his great Carrere and Hastings designed house in Lenox, Massachusetts, where the green rolling lawns showed no flower colours, but only the strolling brilliance of pheasants.

To understand the Fogg Museum, a knowledge of its academic history is important. For the Fogg grew out of the old Fine Arts Department in which there were only four courses, two of them redundant. (Now there are some twenty courses.) Then in 1895, Elizabeth Fogg gave to the department a museum building in memory of William Hayes Fogg, whose marble bust stood for years in the corridor. He had given to the Department at one time a double poster bed and some paintings, of which the most notable was a Bierstadt. The new building, with its Ionic columns and its tiny windows, was known as "Norton's Pride," an emotion which later students and faculty had difficulty fathoming since the galleries, lit only by skylights, were dim, with little light falling on the walls lined with sepia photographs, on the plaster casts of classical and Renaissance sculpture. In addition, there were no classrooms. There was only a great lecture hall so acoustically conceived that practically nothing could be heard. Soon this auditorium had rags suspended on wires to aid hearing; soon the galleries had professors monkeying with prisms, hanging glass fins to try to get light on the walls.

Head of the department and director of the Museum was Charles H. Moore, a notable figure—tall, bearded, English-looking in a tweedy way—who always walked with his knees bent a little. As a young man Moore had been one of a group of Pre-Raphaelite painters in the Catskills, and then with letters, he went to England to meet John Ruskin, the great bearded God of Art in the 1880's. This led Moore to an Italian journey with Ruskin, whose admiration of Gothic architecture was contagious. Through Moore, the Ruskin influence descended on Professor Richard Norton, who in turn influenced Winthrop, Edward W. Forbes, and Paul J. Sachs. Later, when Professor Moore, himself an authority on Gothic architecture, with his books still standard textbooks, heard about Ralph Adams Cram's book on Japanese architecture, he said to Professor Arthur Pope, "Pope, Pope, there isn't any architecture in Japan; it's all *wood.*"

Undoubtedly the greatest Fogg acquisition that Director Moore was responsible for was Edward Forbes, "loaned indefinitely, in 1899." Ten years later when Moore resigned, Forbes became director. Six years later he persuaded Paul Sachs to leave the banking business in New York to be his associate director. The powerful combination of Forbes and Sachs changed not only the Fogg and other museums in the country, but also the teaching of art. From a museum with $10,000 to spend beyond salaries, light and heat, the Fogg grew to its present importance, housed in a building, opened in 1927 and valued at $1,300,000. Now its budget is $150,000 and its own collections, without counting the Winthrop Collection, are valued between five and six million dollars. In addition, the Fogg is in charge of Dumbarton Oaks in Washington, with its $5,000,000 endowment. During the regime of Forbes & Sachs, the latter supplied executive ability and imagination, the former supplied imagination and foresight. Both are still skillful at getting money for the Fogg, both are discriminating collectors, both, famous for their hunches, have a fanatical faith in the Fogg. Both men resigned in 1945 when they reached Harvard's retiring age. Since then the acting Director has been Professor Arthur Pope, a witty, white-haired man with blue eyes, a tired voice, and a George Washington nose, who has made a scholarly contribution with his theory of æsthetics. It was Professor Pope who arranged the first Degas exhibition in this country, put the paintings on a large box in the old Fogg museum directly under the skylight. His students *saw* the Degas'. Now he works in a large pale office, like a bank president's, but there were times in the old building when his office was the stairway.

That the Fogg is bursting with treasures, that its Department of X-Ray has the largest and finest collection of shadowgraphs in the world, and that it has gathered to itself a superb collection of vociferous enemies, is due to the dynamism of Forbes and Sachs. Edward Forbes, a tall, rugged man—of whom *(Continued on page 78)*

PAUL J. SACHS COLLECTION

"HEAD OF GIRL," crayon by LUINI

ADOLESCENT PARTY PROBLEMS

by Nancy Burd

THE MOTHER OF AN ADOLESCENT

NO one ever warns you. There I was, just last October, feeling all in the clear about my Phoebe. A normal fourteen-year-old, she was back from a summer of blue jeans and Popsicles and begging for one long evening dress. She had sailed through adolescence without its ever showing: no slamming doors; no weepy tantrums; no hoarding of candy and cigarettes; and she always had very nice skin. Now she used lipstick discreetly, chose smart clothes, and had perfected a page-boy hairdo. At school, faced with Latin and algebra, her marks were passing, and she was elected to the student board. The hurdle of the first dance had been taken: i.e., boys had danced with her. Result: two letters arrived postmarked Concord, N. H., and Southboro, Mass., and she had annexed one nice intelligent fifteen-year-old man for her very own.

With a sigh of conceited relief, I felt I had pulled her through to adulthood without a scratch. Next year she would be off to boarding school, and here I was, suddenly old, suddenly free. At long last the diaper changing, formula making, measles and chicken pox, teeth straightening, relentless job of child rearing was behind me for good. It was time to take stock of *me;* plan *my* next forty years. I should start, as they say, leading a life of my own.

That was last October.

Not that Phoebe has changed. She has handled the past six months with a good deal more judgment and objectivity than I have been able to muster; become prettier, more self-assured. But I have emerged from the gamut of a New York teen-ager's first winter plain dreading our future.

It started with an educational project, the dancing class. She joined one, Friday night from eight to nine-thirty, boys and girls.

"Mummy, you don't have to fetch me. Lots of boys ask to bring me home." That was the second week.

"You really can't come home alone in a taxi late at night, dear, with a young boy. There must be an adult along."

"Why? What could happen?"

Well, what could? I didn't want to be compulsive about all this. Just because I, in my thwarted youth, had been brought home by a governess and chauffeur in the family limousine, was no reason not to face the brave new world. What *could* happen?

"You might be in a holdup. All kinds of things happen. There is a crime wave on. Or, just simply, you might have an accident."

"And what," she said scornfully, "could *you* do in a holdup or an accident?"

"What, indeed!" I had to admit, and we both laughed at the mental picture. Then I luckily made a slow take and it came to me, the real reason why.

"I'll tell you truly. I know a lot of your friends are already allowed to go around in cabs at night with the boys. It's certainly a lot easier for their parents, too. But I just don't want you to be known as one of the girls who do. Keep a little special."

That appealed to her right away. Snobbism, if you will, but feminine, too. She got the point. In many a minor crisis throughout the winter she held out for going home with the allotted adult.

Soon the custom developed of getting a soda after dancing class. I would get to the class and then be begged for permission for her to go on to Schrafft's with Harry, the special, or with a whole group. So then I would stroll the streets, waiting, or sit in a far corner, sucking an unwanted lemonade. Don't think these week-end evenings didn't put a crimp in our own social life. I was always leaving dinner parties to lurk around Schrafft's.

It is presumed by all hostesses to teen-agers' parties, whether subscription or private, that the parents only exist to stay up to pick up their young (or they don't care what becomes of their young at all). On the evening of an especially late subscription dance I made so bold as to go to the theatre. I was supposed to pick up Phoebe at eleven, which gave us time to see all the last act and applaud. But as we innocently sat in our fourth row seats, wheels of fate were grinding. At ten-thirty the dance manager told the children the dance was over! So the guests got home either on their own, or with parents who happened to be there. When we reached the hotel, there were Phoebe and Harry shivering outside the door, having waited an obedient half-hour.

A FRIEND of mine has mothered a son these thirteen years and tells a similar tale. Boys being hard to get between holidays (the majority are cloistered in boarding schools), her thirteen-year-old was invited to a dance given by a fifteen-year-old girl. As she, too, was going to the theatre, she told him she would leave before the end of the last act so as to get there by eleven. "But, Mummy," he said, "the party goes on until one. Please don't fetch me early." Well, she figured, she and her husband could take in a nightcap at "21," as it was a Saturday night. So they did just that. But come midnight they were mighty bored and tired and decided to go home and take their shoes off. On entering their apartment the telephone was ringing. Sonny Boy, one of a long chain of children waiting to use the phone, said, "Mummy, Mrs. Jones says the party is such fun she has asked the orchestra* to play until two. Will you please come for me then?" The domestic explosion was something, Daddy saying, "If he's old enough to stay out that late, he's old enough to come home alone." But my friend—and I feel for her—felt that Sonny Boy, just because he was thirteen instead of fifteen, should not be humiliated by leaving early. And she sat up till two o'clock, and up he sat, too, because he couldn't let her "go around in taxis alone at that hour."

All of these experiences are the first steps towards that later ordeal, that New York institution, the Subscription Dance. Now, were I bringing up Phoebe in the average U.S. community, her fun, parties, beaux, and future husband would all come through high school. As she is so privileged as to go to a private school (they're almost never co-educational here), the joining together of the sexes, even for an evening's twirl, becomes as complicated as building the Eighth Avenue subway. Also, by their fourteenth year, all the boys and most of the girls are off to boarding schools, emerging only on holidays, and thus meeting only at subscription dances.

Now, these parties are by invitation only, and invitees are

*ORCHESTRA, MIND YOU!

passed on by boards of energetic mothers. In February, I suddenly discovered that there were five dances to which Phoebe could go the next year, more the following two years, then, the final burst, the year she comes out—the Junior Assemblies.

My duty and chore was to write to the dance committee saying I had a daughter who wished to join. I was sent a list of each dance's patronesses. I then had to get three letters from three people to three patronesses of each dance. In other words, I had to persuade my friends to write letters to their particular friends on each committee, recommending my Phoebe as a girl they should ask to their dance. I was thus driven to spending my winter making up to old school friends it had taken me years to outgrow.

But that wasn't all. Upon receiving the three letters, each committee then asked Phoebe and me to a tea. There were patronesses who looked us over and no tea was served.

Boys, on the other hand, under this odd system, do not join. They get invited (and tickets paid for) by the girls. Maybe it forces a boy to try to endear himself with several girls if he wishes a-dancing to go, but more often he becomes utterly spoiled by mothers who rush around inviting as many youths as they can get their hands on to assure daughter enough dancing partners. I am told some girls arrive at the dance with eight boys, thus angering other mother-daughter teams who had a struggle to acquire the necessary two. (One fifteen-year-old boy this winter, as reported at a Parent-Teacher meeting, had fifty-eight invitations.)

Some mothers give constructive suggestions for small parties, but I am afraid theirs are voices crying in the wilderness. This highly competitive big-time system is here to stay, because we are all caught, willy-nilly, in a highly competitive big-time town.

Problems emerging from the private party were the ones that stumped me most during the first winter. These events grew in size and number until by spring they were being given after the Friday dancing class, making the days of Schrafft's seem like baby innocence. To many of these I did not allow Phoebe to go.

"Mummy, Doris has asked me to a party next Monday from eight to eleven."

"How nice," I said, at the start of the holidays. Not until 7:30 the night of the party did Phoebe explain it was not a dinner—and I quickly pushed a sandwich into her. Thereafter, before these parties we had to have seven o'clock dinner, to my husband's intense annoyance. I often wonder about the eating habits of parents of my daughter's classmates. Are we Old-World European with our late dinners?

Later I fetched her and, when settled in the cab, she said with great emotion, "Whew!"

"How was it?" I asked.

"Whew! she repeated. "Boys certainly are advanced." Well, you can imagine what came to my mind.

"They are, aren't they?" I tried to sound casual.

"Ugh! Their hot sweaty cheeks," and she wiped her little face in a gesture of disgust.

"What went on?" I ventured.

"You know what? I was shocked. They turned off all the lights and we just danced—just eight of us—round and round that little room. I had to dance with a big fat boy most of the time. He kept sticking his cheek against mine. He smelled of dried prunes."

Sex was entering our girlhood with glittering scarlet wings.

"Where was Doris' mother?"

"I don't know. I think it was just cheap."

"Yes, darling," I said, relieved at her judgment. "That's just what it was."

"I feel sick," she said. "I drank ten bottles of Coca-Cola."

Well, it wasn't a week before she wanted to give a party, too. But we did it up brown. We gave them dinner. There were seven girls in their best short dresses, and seven boys in their dark blue suits. Dinner was seated, so an extra boy, who simply appeared because a girl suggested he come, put the table out a bit, but the only real problem was feeding Daddy. The children just helped themselves at a buffet but we, invisible chaperones, struggled with trays in our bedroom, which Daddy felt was pampering the younger generation.

I had self-consciously greeted each little guest (to make my presence clear), then I was seen no more. From the backstage of the kitchen, after dinner, I directed our maid to clear the dining-room floor and ensconce gramophone and endless Cokes on the sideboard. I then returned to gin rummy with Daddy, by now hiding, though unable to escape the strains of Frankie and Bing.

Around ten o'clock it occurred to me that I might check on the little ones. Down the hall I went and into the living room. Lights were lit, fire flickering, and in the corner just one boy, the extra boy, asleep. The dining room doors were tight shut.

"What's going on?" I asked him, waking him rudely.

"Oh, they're in there dancing. I'm tired out. Phoebe can't make 'em keep the lights on. It's a scream."

I opened the dining-room doors and looked into blackness. Quickly someone shut them. "Heavens," I said weakly. I knew by now this dancing in the dark was the thing, and yet, damn it, not at Phoebe's house.

I flung open the dining-room doors. "Phoebe!" My voice cried out into the gloom. I nearly called "Chloe."

"Yes, Mummy," and she emerged with a worried little face.

"You've got to keep the lights on and these doors open." My voice sounded much louder and angrier than I meant it to be. There was a frightened shuffling and switching on of lights. Then I stomped away, feeling like a duenna and martinet. Drifting out to me in the hall came:

"Never mind, Phoebe. My mother had to learn, too."

But don't think the young ones haven't standards. One girl in the class is the daughter of gay parents, whom I always picture in their private barroom. She is said to have a "rep." Phoebe and her group had refused to go to her Christmas party, which I thought mighty respectable of them. They later heard that the party ended up with two girls and eighteen boys. But when she invited the class again at Easter there was considerable loosening up, almost tolerance, and Phoebe and Harry decided they would take a look-see. They dined with us first, not minding being late for once (the witch burners!), and we arranged that I should pick them up at eleven-thirty. At 10:45 the phone rang. It was Harry.

"Mrs. Burd, would you please fetch Phoebe right away? I'll explain later."

It was but three minutes before we parents were in our car and charging down town to the rescue. When we reached the street we saw several small figures standing out on the pavement. They all piled in the car and we quickly pulled away from the house, strains of music coming ominously through curtained windows.

"So?" I asked. The teen-agers are slow to tell. "What happened?"

"Well," said Harry, spokesman. "We got there and there was music and dancing, of course. It was dark, of course, and there were a whole lot more boys than girls, of course. But then I saw three older boys drinking a bottle of gin, and—well—I called you up."

Another night she and two boys were dining with Mary Smith and her parents. The plan was movies and they *(Continued on page 77)*

SALT OF NEWBURYPORT

by Mignon and Robert McLaughlin

AMERICAN WRITERS

WHEN you make a phone call you simply give a number, not the exchange, because the exchange is the same for everyone...At nine-thirty every night the fire siren atop the City Hall croaks twice and the God-fearing populace (or, at least, the law-fearing adolescents) are advised to retire...If you have friends to dinner, or if your car gets bumped, or if you go to the hospital for an X-ray, it is reported on the front page of the next day's newspaper.

That's what life is in Newburyport, Massachusetts. And—make no mistake about it—a very lovely life it is.

We live in a Federal house on High Street—one of the most beautiful streets in America. It is a five-minute walk to the shopping centre, whose stores (many with nineteenth-century façades) were recently publicized throughout the land when they inaugurated the Newburyport Plan. (A voluntary cut of ten per cent on retail sales.) But five minutes' walk in the *other* direction, down back of our house, takes you miles into the country. Up and down and up you go, by rose- and grape-arbours and terraced paths, through a Chinese Chippendale garden pavilion and past a barn that would make a twelve-room house, past a window-broken greenhouse, a playhouse, an overgrown croquet field, a sun dial set in a circle of privet. You can stand on a wind-swept hill that makes a superb toboggan or ski-run in winter, or deep in a wind-hushed valley in an isolation as complete as that of the Maine woods. And five minutes' distant by car are the long, white beaches of Plum Island where you can lie under the hot New England sun and watch the Atlantic rollers surge in from Portugal.

FROM the land approach, Newburyport appears as a forested ridge rising above the Merrimack River. You can see only the trees and a mushroom-shaped water tower and a number of church spires quivering in the light air. In the city itself, you are roofed over by curved branches heavy with leaves, and everywhere your eye is met by the shadowed coolness of white clapboard and you breathe in the wine-fragrance of the New England summer.

The people are skilled craftsmen and small shopkeepers and small industrialists. They are Yankee and Irish and French-Canadian, Greek and Armenian and Pole. They make beautiful silver and New England rum, radio tubes and shoes and ship models. Just a few miles away is the only snuff factory in America.

Newburyport's economy was not always so diversified. The first boom in the 'Port was shipping, and great fortunes were made in the West Indian trade. The War of 1812, the Embargo Act, and the silting up of the harbour ruined the city. Shoes came next, and that boom dissolved in labour troubles and successive business panics. But, during the Depression, when Harvard University sponsored an exhaustive social study of Newburyport (five volumes of this Yankee City Series have already come from the press), industry in the city had already become diversified into crafts and little more than ten per cent of the city was on relief.

But through all the panics and depressions of three hundred years, the Brahmins of High Street managed to keep their fortunes more or less intact. There are few instances of wastrel sons and daughters dissipating the family wealth. This attention to the job in hand is exemplified by a local bank president who attends his duties every day, winter and summer, at the age of ninety-six.

And now for a few statistics: Newburyport is thirty-five miles from Boston and lies in the northeast corner of the state near the New Hampshire line. Unlike most Massachusetts towns it is not dominated by any large city. It is too far from Boston for comfortable commuting and the only sizable city nearby is Haverhill. But all Newburyport has to do with Haverhill is to lose rather consistently to its football teams. Geographically and economically, Newburyport seems surrounded by an invisible Chinese Wall. Rather typically, the turnpike which connects Newburyport with Boston and with the north slips through the town as one long underpass so that Newburyporters are not offended by the sight of alien cars careening through their streets.

A FEW wistful groups of progressive-minded men are always trying to do something "to wake Newburyport up." They have seldom succeeded. There is a good deal of money in the city, and it is no more equitably distributed than anywhere else. Newburyport has the highest per capita unearned income in the nation, and the highest per capita savings accounts.

It is proverbial that eccentricity flourishes on unearned income, and Newburyport has had some astonishing eccentrics. The first, and perhaps the greatest of them all, was Lord Timothy Dexter. His Lordship (who had knighted himself) surrounded his handsome, eagle-crested house on High Street with monstrous wooden statues set on columns fifteen feet high. On a Roman arch before the house stood George Washington; in the gardens were philosophers, Indian Chiefs, generals, statesmen, and Lord Timothy himself. Dexter reserved the privilege of changing his mind; the painter's brush might transform General Morgan to Napoleon Bonaparte, or Bonaparte to Pitt.

One of Dexter's greatest exploits was to send a cargo of brass warming pans to the West Indies. He was rewarded for this apparent idiocy when the warming pans were snapped up by Caribbean planters for molasses ladles. In 1802 he wrote and published a book called *A Pickle for the Knowing Ones*, which had the signal feature of being devoid of punctuation. The last page contained long lines of commas, periods, question marks, semi-colons, and quotes, and bore the caption: "Salt and Pepper to Taste." Much of Dexter's book is startlingly similar to James Joyce's *Finnegan's Wake*, exhibiting the same fondness for puns, portmanteau words and complex allusions. Here is a sample passage:

"Ime the first Lord in the younited States of Amercary Now of Newburyport it is the voise of the peopel and I cant Help it and so let it goue Now as I must be Lord there will follow many more Lords pretty soune for it Dont hurt a Cat Nor the Mouse Nor the son Nor the water Nor the Eare *(Continued on page 75)*

KERTESZ

HIGH STREET IN NEWBURYPORT

CURVING ALONG A RIDGE THAT OVERLOOKS THE TIDEWATER REACHES OF THE MERRIMACK RIVER, HIGH STREET IS LINED WITH BIG, FOURSQUARE FEDERAL HOUSES, PERIOD PERFECT. THEY WERE BUILT LATE IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY BY MERCHANTS AND SHIP CAPTAINS RICH FROM WEST INDIES TRADING. EACH HOUSE HAS ITS HEM OF WHITE FENCING IN FRONT; AT THE BACK LIE "THE CLOISTERED GARDENS OF NEWBURYPORT." FIVE MINUTES' WALK AWAY ARE THE SHOPS AND STORES THAT RECENTLY STARTED THE NEWBURYPORT PLAN.

NEWBURYPORT continued

NEWBURYPORT, MASSACHUSETTS—SEEN FROM RING ISLAND ACROSS THE MERRIMACK RIVER. IN THE FOREGROUND, FISHERMEN'S NET DRYING.

THIS SILVERSMITH IS ONE OF MANY FINE CRAFTSMEN IN NEWBURYPORT, OTHERS WORK COPPER, MAKE SHOES, SHIP MODELS.

THE OLD SOUTH PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH; AGAINST ITS FACADE, TWO NUNS, SISTERS OF JOAN OF ARC, PHOTOGRAPH EACH OTHER.

THE OLDEST BOARDING SCHOOL FOR BOYS IN THE U. S. IS THE GOVERNOR DUMMER ACADEMY —ITS CLASSIC LITTLE RED SCHOOLHOUSE.

WHEN SHIP-BUILDING LAGGED, THE CARPENTERS OF 1810 BUILT STAIRCASES—MANY WITH SPLIT LANDINGS, CALLED "GOODMORNING STAIRCASES."

THE ARTICHOKE RIVER AND THREE-HUNDRED-YEAR-OLD CURZON MILL IS JOHN MARQUAND'S SETTING FOR HIS NOVEL, *WICKFORD POINT*.

KERTESZ

THE BEAUTIFUL INTERIOR, THE AIRY GEOMETRY, OF THE UNITARIAN CHURCH. WHEN BENJAMIN FRANKLIN WAS TOLD THAT THE CHURCH'S STEEPLE HAD BEEN STRUCK, HE RUSHED TO NEWBURYPORT IN ORDER TO STUDY THE EFFECT OF LIGHTNING.

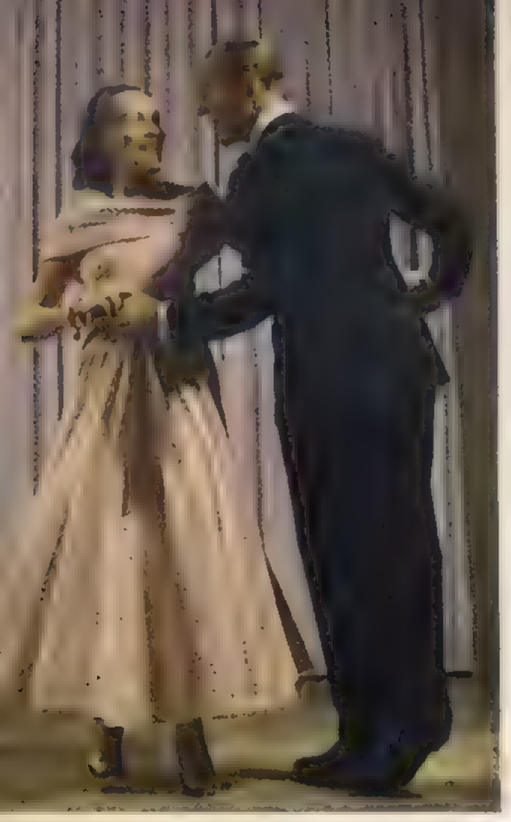
A short wrap of coat *(above)*

One kind of silhouette, this autumn: with a pleated skirt, full in motion, there may be bulk at the top. Here, Monte-Sano's straight coat is short-cut to just under the hip, to fold, to hold wrapped about you. And here, a point is made of your neckline: the coat's big collar goes up under your chin, juts forward, stays up, tied with your own black silk scarf. The coat is coral red Forstmann fleece, $135. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Halle Bros.

A long line of suit *(opposite)*

Another silhouette, narrowed, plumb-line: the straight skirt long, the jacket buttoned diagonally. In the background, for over the suit, a greatcoat of beige cavalry twill, with an interlining to zip in, according to season. Together, sure wisdom for an autumn day, anywhere. Coat, $75. Tweed suit, $50. Both, by Swansdown, at Altman; Vandervoort's; Hutzler's. Calf satchel by Schiaparelli, at B. Weinstein. Milkmaid's "Clover" lipstick.

HORST



Fred and Adele Astaire in the Astaire dance studio.

In the Adele Room—soft mauve and grey background.

She wears a pink eyelet, shawl-shouldered dress.

GJON MILI

The Astaires dance together again after seventeen years

PARIS NOTES

Paris in June was hot, pretty, and busy. Members of the Scala of Milan and an Italian chorus, brought to Paris under the auspices of the *Cercle d'Echanges Artistiques Internationaux*, gave a series, including the popular *Le Barbier de Séville*, at the Théâtre des Champs-Elysées. They opened with *Il Trovatore*—frequent ovations and cries of "*bis*." No attempt was made to act—the opera was a definite singing performance, with the eyes of all the singers on the conductor's baton. This simplicity and honesty, coupled with excellent solo voices, gave the performance a cosy and strong quality. Outstanding was Ebe Stignani, a woman of architectural proportions with a rich mezzo voice, capable in three octaves. Under closest observation, it was not possible to see her breathe; her frame was such that there was limitless storage.

Larry Adler gave two recitals at the Salle Pleyel; his nimble playing on the harmonica and his American-kid appearance were appreciated. His execution of Bach in the early program caused a ruffled brow on the audience and accompanying orchestra. After the boogie-woogie encores and later Gershwin and de Falla numbers, the half-house of his opening night made the noise of a full house.... *La route des Indes*, H. M. Harwood's frothy play produced in England twenty years ago, opened during the heat wave at the Ambassadeurs to a full-dress, first-night audience. Directed by Henry Bernstein, the critics admitted it had no real worth—praised its value for entertainment, the versatile acting of pretty Gaby Sylvia, of François Périer, who played the post-prison brother.

While the rail strike was on, the Gare des Invalides was a meeting place for truckloads of travellers who bivouacked outside the roped-off station and waited days for the rare trains. The strikes in French laundries and filling-stations added to the general confusion. Bread has been scarce; long queues outside the bakeshops disperse during a shower, reforming in exactly the same order immediately after. The French have little taste for what bread there is; it is made of slightly sweet corn flour from America—gets rock hard and stale too quickly. The strawberry season has been long and good; *fraises des bois* and fat, cultivated strawberries were on every menu, but the Crème d'Isigny of other days is still missing.

Combat is publishing a series of interviews under the general title "American in Paris"; most of the Americans so far interviewed know France very well.... Quite a number of young unknowns are writing long novels; one recently sent a publisher a 4,000-page novel—the first 1800 pages (4 volumes) of which were conversation between two young lovers on the relation of body to soul. Recently published and favourably reviewed, *Tant que la terre durera* by H. Troyat, is a long and ambitious novel constructed around the author's childhood in Russia. Camus's *La peste*, part of which was published four years ago in *Domaine Français*, is out. It is considered his best and most important work. A number of critics whose tasks it will be to award the *Prix Sainte-Beuve* are thinking of giving it to Camus for this book, even before reading it. If so, they worry, they may prevent their colleagues from awarding the *Prix Goncourt* to Camus.

The annual rose festival took over the city's window displays—roses red in every book store, in each glove, shoe, and jewellery shop. Hermès has a window of huge playing cards—Queens and Jacks of hearts wearing miniature gloves; all this deliberately sentimental and as refreshing as morning dew on sunlight.... During the warm weather, there was a series of evening receptions and dinner parties—pretty parties gathering at nine o'clock, where the women dressed in white stood out like cut-outs in the gardens against the severe dark green background of trees.

Opposite: *In his new Park Avenue dance studio, Fred Astaire gives a lesson to his favourite pupil, his sister Adele Astaire (formerly Lady Cavendish), now Mrs. Kingman Douglass. Decorated in a staccato of reds and deep green by Jessica Barthelmess, the New York studio is the master for a cross-country chain, where Mr. Astaire's dance technique—limber-legged, casual, relaxed—is being successfully taught. Part of the plan will be the teaching of instructors who will, in turn, go out to teach in factories, plants, and institutions across the country. Trigère's pink cotton dancing dress. $265; Bergdorf Goodman.*

PENN

Black satin evening *Slipper-length skirt of flat black rayon satin petals, cut and sewn on net in graduated tiers; the bodice cowled to collar your shoulders—or cover one, bare the other. Miss America design, $125. Jay Thorpe; Jordan Marsh; Neiman-Marcus. The black satin opera pumps with gold kid heels and bow-knots are hand-sewn; at Frank Brothers.*

Black satin is the news

Every year—around this time—in New York and across the country, there is wishful thinking about the first autumn blacks—the early August dresses in satin that bridge the gap between the last of summer prints, your pale chiffons, and the new collections. The good designers usually anticipate this forward look, make in black satin the dinner and dancing dresses you'll need to stage your come-back to urban night life. And this year, added attractions are black satin shoes to wear with black satin dresses—variations on the opera pump and the climbing-strap sandal. On these and the next two pages are two longer short dresses—and a third for most formal wear that is petals of black satin just to the ankle. Each dress is a shining example of a cloth that *is* the fashion; each is shaped close at the waist and rounded gently in the skirt. All make the point of the all-black, early-season look—black dress, gloves, hat, sheer dark stockings. (As an alternate, the opera pumps might be, for shock value, bright pure grass-green satin, or the honey of topazes.)

Black satin bracelet bands go twice across the toes and high about the ankle to lattice the back of your heel. At Lord & Taylor. $22. **Two-strap sandal**

Black satin opera pump with a medium-high and shaped heel. Here, with a ribbon band to tie in back. I. Miller. About $23. **Ribbon-tied opera pump**

Black satin sandal with a narrow strap making a pattern on Artcraft's sandalfoot nylons; Saks Fifth. Shoes, Lord & Taylor. $20. **Lattice-work sandal**

Plain black satin with a slender heel, back-light for antique buckles or, as shown here, an earring. Shoes by Seymour Troy at Jaeckel. $19. **The opera pump**

Black satin banded sandal, fastened three times down the outside of the foot with enamelled buckles. By Evins, to order at I. Miller. **The 3-buckle sandal**

Black satin, late day

From now on, from dusk on—black with the soft gleam of old enamels. Here the dress by Adele Simpson is Hafner rayon satin; mid-length with fullness drawn back; the torso close, breaking into a fichu collar to frame your shoulders. $90. Henri Bendel; Rich's; D. H. Holmes.

PENN

Black rayon satin brocade—a jewel of a fabric by Hafner—for a button-basque dinner dress, the skirt wider by unpressed pleats. The added attractions are satin gloves, satin wrap-strap sandals, a feathered velvet cloche. Hat, dress, and rhinestone chain necklace from Hattie Carnegie. The dress, about $155, also at Filene's; Himelhoch's; Nan Duskin.

Paris débutante party

More than a thousand guests came to drink champagne and dance in the candlelit ballrooms, in one of the great old houses of Paris, loaned by the Marquis de Moustier. Mlles. Roseline Girod de l'Ain, Geneviève Colbert-Cannet, and Christiane Burin des Roziers were introduced at the party, the first of its kind and size since war's end. The young girls, in full-skirted, pale-coloured dresses, satin and taffeta, and the young men, some of them in military uniform, or the colours of the Ecole Polytechnique, danced from ten o'clock till dawn.

ONE OF THE THREE DEBUTANTES OF THE EVENING: MLLE. ROSELINE GIROD DE L'AIN, AND WITH HER, M. EMMANUEL DES COURTILS.

DEBUTANTES, BEGINNING AT THE TOP: MLLE. MONIQUE DE GOURCUFF MLLE. CHRISTIANE AUBERTIN MLLE. GENEVIEVE DE THOMASSON (left) MLLE. MARTHE DE VOGUE (right) MLLE. JACQUELINE DE VOGUE MLLE. VIOLETTE LEFUEL.

PRINCESSE SALOME MURAT
IS DANCING WITH
COMTE ROBERT DE LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.

MLLE. ANTONIA DE SAINTE-MARIE,
WITH CAPITAINE DE CORBIGNY.

H. DE SEGONZAC

MLLE. JACQUELINE DE BEAUMONT
IS PHOTOGRAPHED AS SHE DANCES WITH
M. PATRICE MIGNOT-BONNEFOUS.

HORST

Wing-collar blouse made to look even more wingéd by the scarf of simulated pearls that wraps its throat. Chambray blouse, Lord & Taylor. Marvella necklaces, Altman.

Decisive details

Consider the scarf...consider the jewel. To prove again the variety of ideas that can be drawn from scarfs and jewels, we show four pages of ways in which you can decide the look of a costume by what you add, what you make of these details. Consider the scarf; you wear it Ascot-style at waist and throat, tie it over your head; now you might wear it as a bracelet. A small square of linen, chiffon, or silk folded the way a man's four-in-hand is folded, and caught with a dangling jewel. Consider the pearl necklace; you may have doubled it around your wrist, mixed it with gold. But now you might wear the necklace almost as a tie, to hold up the collar of a blouse.

Handkerchief folded as a bracelet. By Bloch Frères at Altman. The rhinestone and gold-plated fob-pin by Accessocraft, Bloomingdale.

Painters' scarfs and how to wear them

Consider the scarf as a painting, which indeed it is in this case. On the opposite page you see—sketched among the scarfs—four figures to show ways in which you might wear such scarfs... Christian Bérard's silk "Portrait," by Ascher of London. $19. B. Weinstein. Willaumez' drawing of "French Garden," on flat rayon crêpe by Combier Chauvin. $5. Altman. Jean Hugo's "The Square," printed on silk. $20. At Elizabeth Arden. Cadwallader's silk bookshelf. $15. Bonwit Teller. Derain's "Doodling," on silk. $35. B. Weinstein. Other details, illustrated: A. Wardrobe of simulated pearls and clip by Trifari. $10 to $30*. Saks Fifth. B. Play-shoe in reversed calf, by Joyce. $9. Bag to match. $11*. Altman. C. Polka-dotted spun rayon square by Kimball. $2. At Lord and Taylor. D. To wear together, two scarfs. The Italian silk printed foulard. $15. Di Tieri. The plain yellow silk square, by Glentex. $3. Best's. And the collection of gold-plated bracelets by Napier. $15* to $33.* Lord and Taylor. E. Calf shoes made in Belgium by De Busschère. $49. From Henri Bendel.*

**Plus Tax*

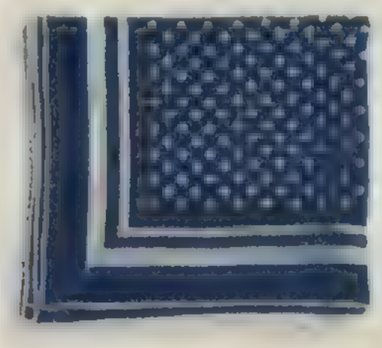
CHRISTIAN BÉRARD "Portrait"

a

WILLAUMEZ "French Garden"

b

c



CADWALLADER "Book Shelves"

JEAN HUGO "The Square"

e

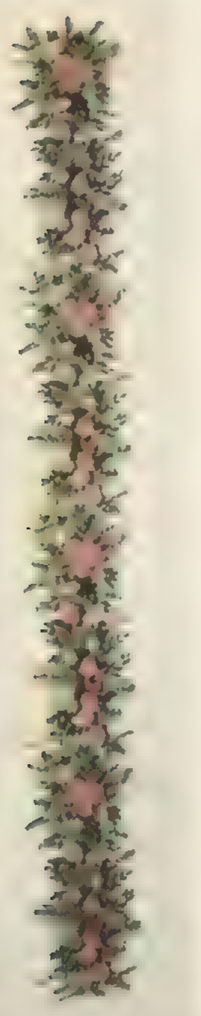
d

DERAIN "Doodling"

HENRY MOORE "Family Group"

a

b



CADWALLADER "Floral Décor"

VERTÈS "Vacation Land"

c

d

e

CECIL BEATON "Leaves"

Painters' scarfs and how to wear them

More scarfs that are works of art as well as notable works of fashion. And, on the four figures, more ideas on how you might wear such scarfs. Henry Moore's design on silk, $19. From Bernath. Cadwallader's floral piece, a length of silk chiffon, $15. From Henri Bendel. Vertès' "Vacation Land," a Wesley Simpson scarf in silk. $5. From Altman. Cecil Beaton's "Leaves" on wool, by Ascher of London. $8. B. Weinstein. Then...think of the scarf as a beginning, and add: A. Champagne satin envelope bag, to which you add a jewel. Bienen-Davis, $19. Bergdorf Goodman. B. Evening sandal in kid and calf. Designed by Mackay, $23. J. & J. Slater. C. Perfect envelope bag for dinner. Ruby satin. $45*. Bergdorf Goodman. D. Beige rayon taffeta umbrella, root handle. $17. Abercrombie & Fitch. E. Bag of Guatemalan cotton by Milch. $33*. From Bergdorf Goodman. *Plus tax*

HORST

Ropes of crystals and simulated pearls by Castlecliff wrapped against a pineapple cloth handkerchief for a present-day version of the boned collar. All, Bonwit Teller.

Decisive details *(continued)*

Consider the handkerchief...the frailest, fairest one you own. You perfume it, carry it, use it for its pretty-gesture value. But now, consider making something more of it. Wear it at the throat of a suit, anchor it with necklaces, and flip a point of it out beneath your chin. Wear a lacy handkerchief as a bracelet tied at the wrist in a tangle of pearls. Wear a man's handkerchief tinted pale pink as a stock for your suit collar.

Wrapped high, caught with a gilded crescent, Trifari's simulated pearls. A lacy handkerchief at the wrist. All, from Altman.

a

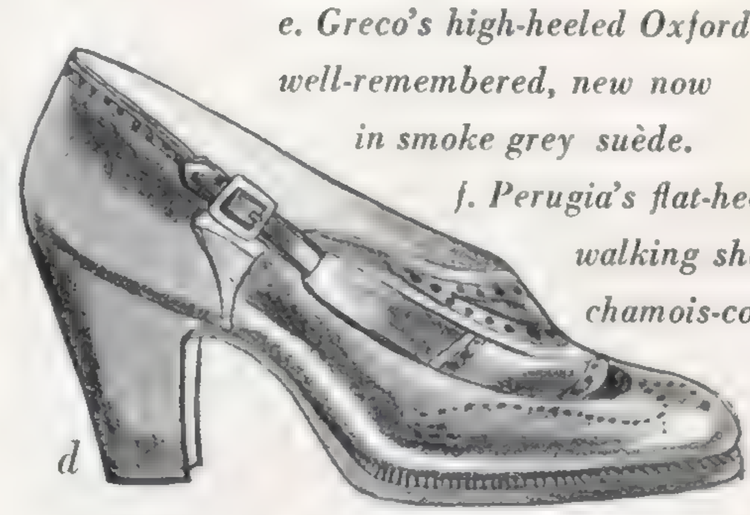
Paris points a toe

b

c

Paris shoes are taking two directions—narrowing into a fine point of toe; moving upwards. Heels rise with the time of day, become spindle-high by evening. There is greater coverage—complete in a delicate afternoon boot, partial in a closed-toe evening sandal. Walking shoes are classic, with deviations, details which are French signatures—a suède tongue for a calf shoe; stitching for a spectator pump. In town by day, the high-heeled Oxford is back, newly coloured. Two shapes make news for afternoon: the narrowed, low-cut Goya pump, the slender high-boot. For evening, toes are covered, ankles thinly strapped.

a. Perugia's blue calf town shoe, with pointed toe, high narrow heel, suède straps crossing high up the front.
b. Georgette's asymmetric pump for afternoon. Of softest antelope, side-caught by a gilt jewel.
c. Perugia's evening sandal with closed toe. Of pale green satin; the ruffle, the heel red-satin lined.
d. Greco's spectator pump, the calf stitched, folded in front, brass-buckled at the side.
e. Greco's high-heeled Oxford, well-remembered, new now in smoke grey suède.
f. Perugia's flat-heeled walking shoe of calf, chamois-coloured suède.
g. Perugia's slender afternoon boot of chocolate brown suède, leather-piped in front, laced up the side in calf.
h. Perugia's afternoon boot-shoe, with open back, pointed toe. Green suède with a shirred ruff of elasticized satin.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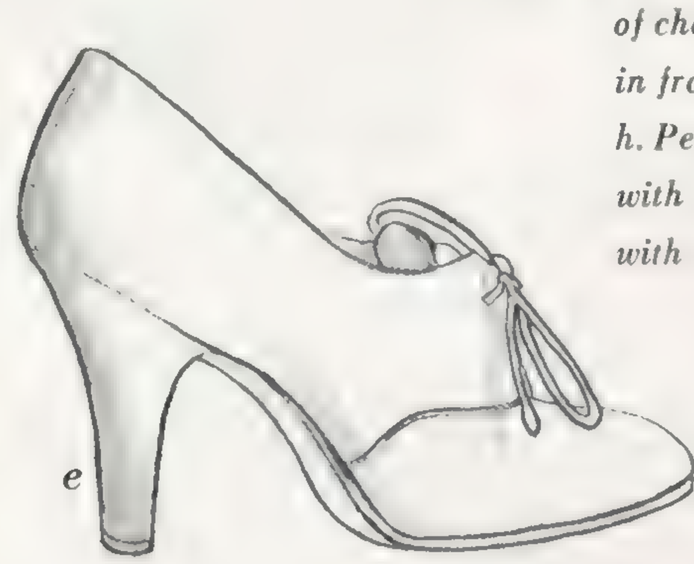
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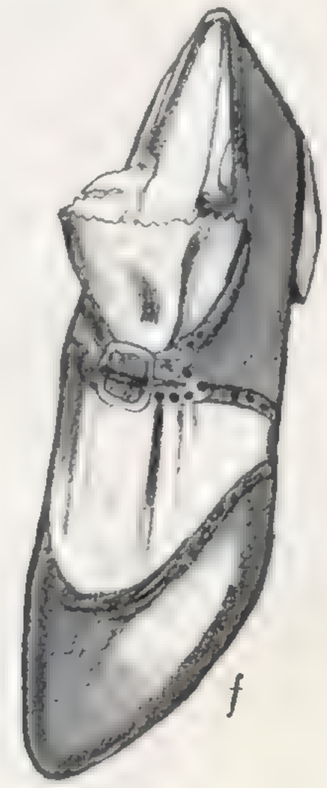
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OF TOMORROW

It's enough to turn any girl's head . . . and heads turn as you pass . . . when you know you are dressed by an artist —radiantly right! You'll enjoy that same proud sureness —but forever—when your table gleams with Heirloom Sterling—solid silver, deep-carved . . . serenely sure-of-itself. Have you seen the Heirloom Sterling patterns at your jeweler's? The new Damask Rose may well be the one pattern . . . for all your tomorrows.

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DISCOVERIES IN BEAUTY

To play the fragrance field—consider for variety Corday's ¼-oz. bottles (four scents). Franklin Simon.

Nothing pedestrian about Going My Way, warm perfume by Elmo. Gimbel's.

Thinking about fall furs? Then think of Revillon's Carnet de Bal, *fragrance for furs. Bonwit Teller.*

Frolic, a fragrance by Cheramy—new spiral bottles hold elfish scent. Wanamaker's.

Splash in the warm weather with Lucien Lelong's Taglio Toilet Water. From Altman.

Terpsichore—Tussy's quiet fragrance in a leather jewel case. Saks Fifth.

THIRD PROGRAMME

(Continued from page 40)

response, our contemporary dramatist-poets, excited by the possibilities of the new form, are coming across. Patric Dickinson's *The Wall of Troy*, Laurie Lee's *The Voyage of Magellan*, Louis Macneice's *The Careerist*, and Henry Reed's *Moby Dick* have been high-water marks: they have put broadcasting in the forefront with a new kind of contemporary theatre.

In fact, to have missed the above, and other Third Programme features, is to be nowhere. Let's face it, there is a considerable influence in fashion, and Third Programme looks like making listening to radio the fashion, instead of a mere domestic resort. With regard to this, one must note a highly intelligent, and often emphasized, factor in the Third Programme policy: that of "repeats." Any important item goes back again on the air, a number of times: if you missed it one evening, you can hear it the next. (Nonetheless, "planned listening" does remain an imperative: the broadcast date of the item you want to hear should be ringed round in your engagement book; just as much as the dinner or lunch engagement.) "Repeats" have worked splendidly all along the line—they give more base and point to radio criticism (which used to be totally retrospective) and they are encouraging to the creative writer, who used to regret the hour-short life of the piece into which he had put so much.

LURE FOR RECALCITRANT WRITERS

To attract writers—hitherto recalcitrant or suspicious—and to kindle them with the idea of new possibilities, has been the aim of George Barnes and his inspiring team: they are more and more succeeding. Rightly or wrongly—I think in the main wrongly—writers have feared constraint from the B.B.C. Highbrows have shied away from the ordeal of a vast, mixed, popular, unseen audience, to whom repugnant concession in matters of style, approach, or ego would have, apparently, to be made. This inhibition had to be broken down. Third Programme issues a sort of psychological invitation (or challenge?) which is exciting—"Go on—be yourself!" A warming blend of freedom and intimacy.

Up to now, one would not have called the British a race of natural broadcasters—a stilted or patronizing caginess tends to rule; spontaneity is lacking. The literary artist, in particular—addict of small circles and private life—tends to mutton freeze in front of the microphone, as in front of the camera. Now, perhaps, Third Programme's ice-breaking technique may have vital, nay, revolutionary results.

Yes, Third Programme is now well away on its course. Like a not yet expert cyclist, it has wobbled and described a few wild loops; but it is headed the way it means to go. As listeners, how are we British coming along? At present Third Programme is on the air for 5 hours every evening. Radios are still, for us here, in short supply: if there is more than one in this winter's average British home, there is usually only one room heated in which to listen, which comes to the same thing. Conflicts of "family listening" have to resolve themselves.

The two other British programmes, "Home" and "Light" both show a rise in quality and attractive power. Third Programme has *not*, as some people feared, stolen thunder or skimmed the cream from the other two: on the contrary, it would seem to have given stimulus. So, in the family, the would-be Third Programme listener must (which will do him no harm) manœuvre for listening time. The solitary, with his radio to himself, or the dweller among congenials, naturally scores.

Again, it must be taken into account that the hours Third Programme is on the air *are* those of the brainworker's recreation—to engage him, broadcasting must compete with books, periodicals, movies, partygoing, conversation, and the pursuit of love. Quite a challenge.... Third Programme, however, as has been set down, does *not* desire hypnotized nonstop listening. It plans to be planned for—and to reward the planning.... Socially it is beginning to be a factor, by crystallizing, defining around itself a classless new class—the perceptive seekers of pleasure.

I offer my own impression of what Third Programme is, aims at, and stands for. As to what it *ought* to be, aim at, and stand for, controversy, of course, does not cease to rage. Radio critics, as to this issue, have taken the field. At present, battle is joined between W. E. Williams, of *The Observer*, and Edward Sackville-West, *New Statesman and Nation*.

Williams accuses Third Programme of narrow æstheticism: it caters exclusively, he says, to that out-of-date exquisite, "the man of sensibility." Does, he asks, Third Programme truly claim to be adult? —then, not perhaps all but considerable programme space should go to economics, social science, science, world affairs, political free debate. In brief, W. E. Williams wants Third Programme to be more adult—educational—less æsthetic. More, as *he* sees things, contemporary. (He has also a lighter side; thinks the tone too intense and serious; *would* like a few experiments in the funny.)

Edward Sackville-West, for his part, supports Third Programme's present policy and would like more of it: he looks on æsthetic radio, the creative broadcast, as keeping a torch alight: Third Programme is giving something that nothing else can; something essential to the survival, and to the growth as certainly, of the inner man. Sackville-West can not see why Third Programme need, or should, act as substitute for journalism, the lecture platform, or the debating club. This critic finds Third Programme, *as* now shaping, the most important civilizing influence of our day. He comes out strong for performance, as against information—says, "broadcasting aspires to the condition of opera."

keeping fit?

for sure—

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U. S. RADIO

(Continued from page 41)

seem unnecessary. For learning without the husk, light but informative, try "The Author Meets the Critics" (Sunday, 4:30 P.M., EST, NBC), where, just before publication of *Inside USA*, you may have heard John Gunther defended by Lewis Gannett, attacked by Colonel Robert S. Allen. The author, as usual, was on hand to speak up for himself. With authors' egos being what they are, discussion tends to be lively. This show, by the way, has run the now usual *cursus honorum* from tiny beginnings on an independent station (WHN, New York) to a national hook-up, and don't think the independents are happy about this practice, which they refer to, not too privately, as piracy. The outstanding program in this category, "Information, Please," has reached the pinnacle of success in this unorthodox industry, for it has become so expensive ($12,500 per week) that its oldtime sponsor has dropped it and a new one is still to be found.

The first presentations of "Studio One" (CBS, Tuesday, 9:30 P.M.), were exciting, swiftly paced versions of *Under the Volcano, Topaze, Dodsworth*. Another venture, new this season, is "Exploring the Unknown" (9:00 P.M., EST, Sunday, over Mutual); here we are out on the frontiers of science, exploring "The Psychology of Hate" with Paul Lukas, or tolling the bells with Melvyn Douglas—even investigating autopsies. For those who like religious programs, this year's pioneering offering is "The Greatest Story Ever Told" (6:30 P.M., EST, over American), remarkable for its dramatic rendering of New Testament stories, for its daring in presenting Christ's voice over the air, and for the extraordinary reticence of the sponsor.

Threatened with punitive legislation or retaliatory, if you prefer, organized labour's participation in radio is not limited to one union's sponsorship of one commentator. The American Federation of Labor is currently presenting, along with a daytime "soap opera" for the household trade, big-name variety shows —Carole Landis, Tony Martin, Benny Goodman in one package, Eddie Cantor, Dinah Shore, Gregory Peck in another—over the American Broadcasting's network. Propaganda, of course, if you will, but with the International Ladies Garment Workers Union now holding five FM permits and looking for more, labour's thrust for a voice on the air cannot now be disregarded.

Symphonies, of course, New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Detroit, beloved by all apologists, and presented, some say, to be trotted out on occasions like this. Raising the public's musical taste, these great organizations may have lowered their own, for their broadcast repertory is standard indeed. One week you may hear three Schumann Thirds; as a special treat, Toscanini's well-tempered version of "The Pines of Rome." Last winter, you could have heard Stravinsky conduct a memorable performance of "Persephone" on "Invitation to Music" at the unfortunate hour of 11:30 P.M. New, unusual music probably comes from your local independent station, if you have that kind of choice, and it probably comes from records or transcriptions disliked by leading networks. In other words, not much that you could not get on your phonograph, and not to be compared with the concert season.

Lux "Radio Theatre" presents Hollywood stars in adaptations of film hits, to an audience whose numbers—in the many millions—prove that they are drawn from the sister-art's neighbourhood playhouse. More people listen to the story of that movie at 9 P.M. on Monday than may ever see it on the screen. Basil Rathbone may not be Sherlock Holmes, but he is still hanging around Scotland Yard. "Theatre Guild on the Air" aims and strikes much higher, with such likely fare as John Gielgud in a short cut of *The Importance of Being Earnest* or, just recently, Judith Anderson and Maurice Evans in *Macbeth*. "Columbia Workshop" managed to find an hour and a half of consecutive time for the Old Vic Company. In the present state of affairs, we can not ask for more than this. No more royalist than the king, radio can not be expected to maintain higher dramatic standards than the theatre itself. It doesn't.

The networks are not all of radio. Here is the chance for specialization, for breaking away from routine fare. Any metropolitan area can support, and handsomely, a station specializing in recorded classical music; witness New York's WQXR, with its $1,000,000 gross—a sum gained, it is true, by piling spot announcement on spot announcement, commercial on commercial, three minutes for one, while the quality of the music goes down and down. All large cities could have municipal stations, specializing in local affairs, encouraging the Mayor to talk, discouraging the City Council. New York's own WNYC has shown what can be done with broadcast sessions of the U.N.; the wire recorder, plus good fast editing, allows WMCA to present capsule digests.

The answer to much of the present uproar about American radio is that program brains are needed for good radio. The system of private ownership, government control does not matter. AM—FM, money, opportunity, nothing is truly important—except program brains. Good programs are the only thing that can break into the enormous negative non-audience, the people who don't listen because they can't find anything they want to hear.

SALT OF NEWBURYPORT

(Continued from page 52)

than goue on all is Easey Now bons broken all is well all in Love."

Dexter once held a mock funeral for himself and, during it, became so incensed at his wife's lack of grief that he gave her a public thrashing.

The Newburyport Public Library—it contains 80,000 volumes and maintains two branches, which is an impressive operation for a town of 14,000—has also had to struggle with an eccentric's whim. The Library received a bequest which the donor explained was to be used as a memorial for his wife's father, a noted Newburyporter to whom we shall give the name of John Jones. The Library was forced to decline since John Jones had lived and died a respected bachelor.

And there was James Parker, Newburyport's self-appointed poet laureate, who celebrated in poesy any event in the city's history—a fire, a storm, the departure of Company A during the Spanish-American War. Parker employed another character named Whit Reynolds to distribute the handbills on which his poems were printed. Reynolds was a frustrated financier. He sold stock in a milk mine he claimed he owned in California and so many local jokers bought stock from him and paid for it with checks for thousands of dollars that Deacon Houston of the First National Bank warned them to stop. Whit Reynolds once bought the Citizens Electric railway for $25,000 and gave a check for that amount written on wrapping paper.

Perhaps all of this could be duplicated in any small town. We don't know. Undoubtedly there are more eccentrics in New York than in Newburyport. But, in New York, you are not so likely to know them. Here they are a part of local legend and gossip. And here, too, you have the opportunity of knowing more intimately the many-sidedness of human beings. You know that the local dentist builds elaborate model locomotives in his free time; that a leading shoe manufacturer has the hobby of constructing fishing rods; the medical examiner is a beekeeper, Slavophil, and cabinet-maker; a retired broker is a philatelist, an authority on Sherlockiana, and a member of "The Baker Street Irregulars." A leading lawyer is also an herpetologist of note; an insurance man, who, at eighty, commutes regularly to Boston, is recognized by Harvard authorities as their peer as an Elizabethan and Restoration scholar; the Unitarian minister relaxes with Horace and Virgil in the original Latin, and a local Anglican divine is a celebrated conchologist.

There's a social worker who, on the side, works an eighty-acre farm and runs a town forum which engages speakers from Cambridge, Boston, and New York; an antique dealer who directs minstrel shows; a retired business man who collects rare books; two insurance men, one who is a painter in his free time, while the other collects Early American glass, and an industrial chemist who is an amateur aviator and likes tough calculus problems. Other Newburyporters, in their spare time, breed gladioli, play in string quartets, or give two-piano renditions of Mozart, or raise trotting horses.

The intellectual ferment that seems continually bubbling up in this city of fourteen thousand is epitomized by three flourishing clubs—the Tuesday Night, the Fortnightly, and the Monday Evening—each with some twenty-odd members who meet twice a month to hear a paper by one of their number. These papers cover just about every phase of human activity, from politics to medicine to religion to alcoholism and are followed by discussion which is often heated.

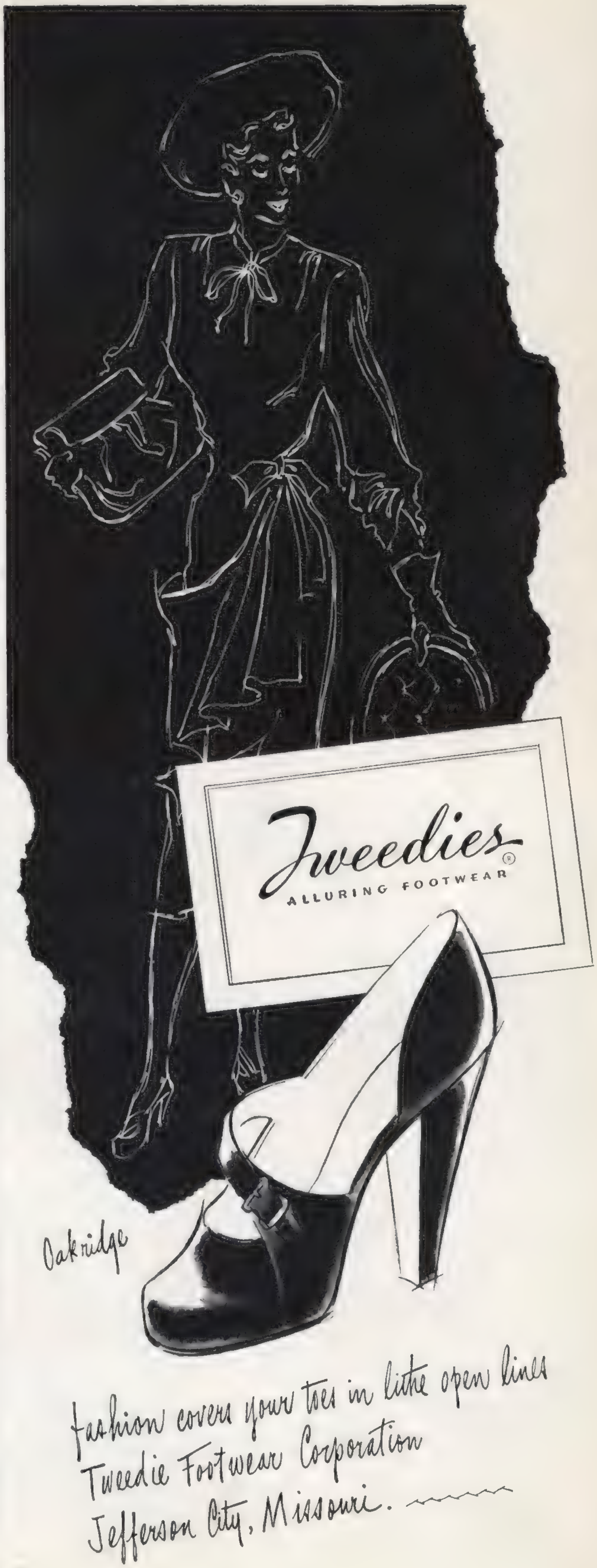
A few excerpts from the minutes of the Tuesday Night Club, which just concluded its 630th meeting, give some of the flavour of these gatherings:

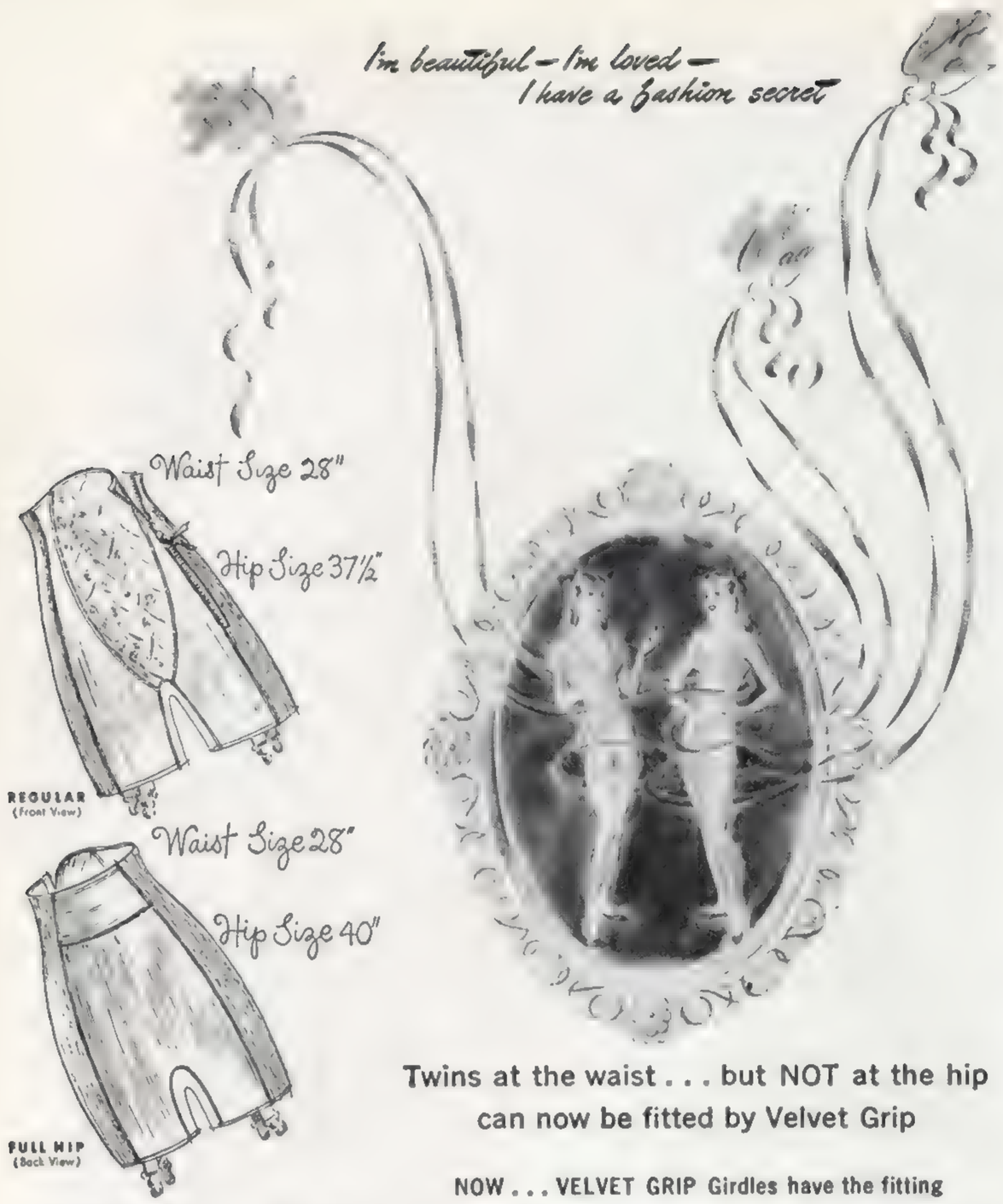
"The Club met with Milton Dodge on Toppan's Lane and settled back restively to hear what promised to be a highly controversial paper by L. P. Dodge, entitled: *FDR and the War*. Tracing the long and devious career of our late president, and defending him hotly at every step of the journey, the writer punctuated his praises only to throw scallions at those who opposed FDR. A passage of such moving eulogy closed the paper that some of the bitterest critics among us seemed abashed...so controversial was the paper, however, that during the discussion some of the gentler souls among us, not sharing the speaker's enthusiasm, were moved to invective; those less gentle made a fearful display of temper."

"Frank Sweeney read a paper called 'Television' and, strangely enough, Television was really his subject, something that is getting to be exceptional. The discussion was more than usually off the beam and was interrupted for about twenty minutes by an argument between Rogers and Whitney which had something to do with visual communication, but just what it was all about couldn't be quite understood. Elliot Knight stuck to the subject but few others did."

Then there's the summer theatre in adjacent West Newbury, which began its first season on July 1. It is the first community-owned, non-profit professional theatre in the country and was started mostly by Newburyporters, including, of course, novelist John P. Marquand, cartoonist Al Capp, and singer Roland Hayes. We're up to our ears in that, too. And in assorted activities like the Chess Club which plays bitter matches with Danvers and Salem and Portsmouth, N. H. And with the League of Women Voters, the Community Concert Series, the Development Council, and the very passionate local politics.

But perhaps the most exciting thing for those living in a small city is that you see your friends and neighbours from so many angles that you get a fresh appreciation of the complexity of human beings, and—like it or not—you're involved in every part of community life.





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HOLIDAY MEMORY

(Continued from page 37)

motor-boat coughing in the bay, and the same hymn and washing of the sea that was heard in the Bible.

"If it could only just, if it could just," your lips said again and again as you scooped, in the hob-hot sand, dungeons, garages, torture-chambers, train tunnels, arsenals, hangars for zeppelins, witches' kitchens, vampires' parlours, smugglers' cellars, trolls' grog-shops, sewers, under a ponderous and cracking castle. "If it could only just be like this for ever and ever amen." August Monday all over the earth, from Mumbles where the aunties grew like ladies on a seaside tree to brown, bear-hugging Henty-land and the turtled Ballantyne Islands.

Lolling or larriking that unsoiled, boiling beauty of a common day, great gods with their braces over their vests, sang, spat pips, puffed smoke at wasps, gulped and ogled, forgot the rent, embraced, posed for the dickey-bird, were coarse, had rainbow-coloured armpits, winked, belched, blamed the radishes, looked at Ilfracombe, played hymns on paper and comb, peeled bananas, scratched, found seaweed in their panamas, blew up paperbags and banged them, wished for nothing. But over all the beautiful beach I remember most the children playing, boys and girls tumbling, moving jewels, who might never be happy again.

Dusk came down; or grew up out of the sands and the sea; or curled around us from the calling docks and the bloodily smoking sun. The day was done, the sands brushed and ruffled suddenly with a sea-broom of cold wind. And we gathered together all the spades and buckets and towels, empty hampers and bottles, umbrellas and fishfrails, bats and balls and knitting, and went—oh, listen, Dad!—to the Fair in the dusk on the bald seaside field. Fairs were no good in the day; then they were shoddy and tired; the voices of hoopla girls were crimped as elocutionists; no cannon-ball could shake the roosting coconuts; the gondolas mechanically repeated their sober lurch; the Wall of Death was safe as a governess-cart; the wooden animals were waiting for the night. But in the night, the hoopla girls, like operatic crows, croaked at the coming moon; whizz, whirl, and ten for a tanner, the coconuts rained from their sawdust like grouse from the Highland sky; tipsy the griffon-prowed gondolas weaved on dizzy rails, and the Wall of Death was a spinning rim of ruin, and the neighing wooden horses took, to a haunting hunting tune, a thousand Beecher's Brooks as easily and breezily as hooved swallows.

Approaching, at dusk, the Fair field from the beach, we scorched and gritty boys heard above the belabouring of the batherless sea the siren voices of the raucous, horsey barkers. Roll up, roll up! In her tent and her rolls of flesh the Fattest Woman in the World sat sewing her winter frock, another tent, and fixed her little eyes, blackcurrants in blancmange, on the skeletons who filed and sniggered by. Roll up, roll up, roll up to see the Largest Rat on the Earth, the Rover or Bonzo of vermin. Here scampered the smallest pony, like a Shetland shrew. And here the Most Intelligent Fleas, trained, reined, bridled, and bitted, minutely cavorted in their glass corral.

Round galleries and shies and stalls, pennies were burning holes in a hundred pockets. Pale young men with larded hair and Valentino-black sidewhiskers, fags stuck to their lower lips, squinted along their swivel-sighted rifles and aimed at ping-pong balls dancing on fountains. In knife-creased, silver-grey, skirt-like Oxford bags, and a sleeveless, scarlet, zip-fastened shirt with yellow horizontal stripes, a collier at the strength-machine spat on his hands, raised the hammer, and brought it, Thor-ing, down. The bell rang for Blaina.

Outside his booth stood a bitten-eared and barndoor-chested pug with a nose like a twisted Swede and hair that startled from his eyebrows and three teeth yellow as a camel's, inviting any sportsman to a sudden and sickening basting in the sandy ring or a quid if he lasted a round; and, wiry, cocky, bow-legged, coal-scarred, boozed sportsmen by the dozen strutted in and reeled out; and still those three teeth remained, chipped and camel-yellow in the bored, teak face.

Draggled and stout-wanting mothers, with haphazard hats, hostile hatpins, buns awry, bursting bags, and children at their skirts like pop-filled and jam-smeared limpets, screamed, before distorting mirrors, at their suddenly tapering or tubular bodies and huge ballooning heads, and the children gayly bellowed at their own reflected bodies withering and bulging in the glass.

A daring dash of schoolboys, safely, shoulder to shoulder, with their fathers' trilbies cocked at a desperate angle over one eye, winked at and whistled after the procession past the swings of two girls arm-in-arm; always one pert and pretty, and always one with glasses. Girls in skulled and crossboned tunnels shrieked, and were comforted. Young men, heroic after pints, stood up on the flying chairaplanes, tousled, crimson, and against the rules. Jaunty girls gave sailors sauce.

All the Fun of the Fair in the hot, bubbling night. The man in the sand-yellow Moon over the hurdy of gurdies. The swingboats swimming to and fro like slices of the moon. Dragons and hippogriffs at the prows of the gondolas breathing fire and Sousa. Midnight roundabout riders tantivying under the fairylights, huntsmen on billygoats and zebras hallooing under a circle of glow-worms.

And as we climbed home, up the gas-lit hill, to the still house over the mumbling bay, we heard the music die and the voices drift like sand. And we saw the lights of the Fair fade. And, at the far end of the seaside field, they lit their lamps, one by one, in the caravans.

PSYCHOANALYSIS

(Continued from page 39)

the problem, not of which statistic fits, but of Who is You. Or perhaps it was even better put by a long-forgotten movie comedian many years ago, when he kept asking people: "You are who?" Intelligence, for example, is a tool, and not really a part of You, and the important thing is whether the unconscious allows the individual to use this tool properly.

We often hear people say: "I could do it if I wanted to!" The answer to this is, "Of course you could!" Anybody can do almost anything if he wants to badly enough. There is a one-legged man who has become a great jitterbug. The important question is not "Could you?" but "Do you want to as much as you think you do, and if not, why not?" Analysis is concerned mainly with desires and only incidentally with capabilities. Perhaps the question the analyst silently asks the patient can best be written thus: "How much are you willing to give up in order to be happy?" It will be seen that this has little to do with intelligence, charm, or statistics.

5.

WHO SHOULD BE PSYCHOANALYZED?

Psychoanalysis was originally devised mainly for the treatment of neuroses. As time went on, it was found that many other people besides frank neurotics benefited from it. Psychoanalysis is most useful in hysteria and the anxiety neuroses. It is also efficient in the character neuroses, and can do a great deal for compulsion neuroses depending partly on how interested the patient is in getting the most out of the treatment. For hypochondriasis (a form of self-love which manifests itself as paying undue attention to bodily sensations) it is the best treatment we have, but this condition requires long analysis.

Psychoanalytic methods are being used more and more in the treatment of psychoses (mental illnesses resulting in the unconscious becoming conscious and taking over control of the individual) and especially in the prevention of recurrences. It requires special training, talent, and effort to use them in these conditions, and doctors who are fully competent to treat psychoses by psychoanalytic methods are very uncommon.

As for "normal" people being analyzed, this is happening all the time. Many well-adjusted psychiatrists are being and have been analyzed for training purposes. Many social workers and psychologists also go through an analysis so that they will be able to understand people better and cooperate with psychoanalysts in treating others. In spite of the expense and hardship which younger people with limited incomes must go through to accomplish the task, most of these "normals" consider analysis the best investment they ever made or are ever likely to make, because they are happier, wiser, and more efficient human beings as a result. Everyone has ungratified tensions stored up from infancy, whether these tensions express themselves in openly neurotic ways or not, and it is always a help to have one's unsatisfied Id energies reorganized and partly relieved through analysis.

The question often arises, is psychoanalysis harmful to some

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PARTY PROBLEMS

(Continued from page 51)

would all bring Phoebe home. Around ten the phone rang.

"Mrs. Burd, this is Mary's father. We're just sitting around here having such a good time," and I felt sure he was by the jumbled slide of his words. "I just wondered if you'd let me take the children to LaRue for a little dancing."

My heart sank. Here was a parent asking to take Phoebe to a night club.

"Well—uh—I guess—all right," I said weakly and returned to Daddy.

"Are you *mad?*" he asked.

"Why, yes, I must be," I said, relieved, and flew back to the phone. "Mr. Smith, I'm going to be a wet blanket. Phoebe's father says definitely *no.*"

"I understand," he said, sweet as pie. "We were just hoping to get out of the house before Mary's mother came in. She'd be furious, too." (I rather liked him for that.) "But will you tell Phoebe yourself? I hate to break the news."

Phoebe's voice came on the phone in a hushed whisper. "Oh, Mummy!" she said. "I'm so glad you called back. We didn't want to go at all. We'd look so silly dancing around with grown-ups."

One thing I know for sure. The jumps are higher each new year ahead. Phoebe's success in studies and with friends is pretty much out of my hands. But as a New Yorker, I must continue trying to get her invited to each new crop of dances, for only thus will she get to know the boys, and that means—fun, beaux, going to proms, and doing what her friends do. I must be around (and aware) for advice on things like smoking, drinking, fast driving, who's chaperoning the week-end, has he a passenger pilot's licence, and myriad girl-meets-boy sticklers. And expenses will be high, not just for school and college, those extra singing or golf or painting lessons, but for clothes and travel.

It will be eight years before she's out of college and takes a job or gets married. I guess I'll postpone this living a life of my own.

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THE FOGG MUSEUM

(Continued from page 49)

someone said, "You will never know Edward until you see him on a horse" —had Emerson for a grandfather on one side, and a long line of Yankee traders of extraordinary shrewdness on the other. Like Grenville Winthrop, he, too, is called "a gentleman of the old school." Strong, persistent, a famous walker, he has a loving way with children, laughs long and hard, and once suggested to a distinguished visitor that he "come up to the house and knock out flies." Mr. Forbes always goes to Naushon, the Forbes' island off Wood's Hole, where the family raises sheep, shoots deer, and gives great picnics. A year or so ago, when Mr. Forbes was more than sixty-five, he swam out in a choppy sea as the wind blew up to warn off some of his guests arriving by boat. His chief delights are Homeric poetry, collecting Italian art works (and giving them to the Fogg), and the conservation of art.

Unlike Mr. Forbes, Paul Sachs is a small, round man. He has thick eyebrows, a small, purposeful mustache, tortoise-shell glasses, a Phi Beta Kappa key, and the French Legion of Honour ribbon. A very contemporary man, with an enormous interest in contemporary matters, Mr. Sachs has his office in the Naumburg Wing of the Fogg; a two-storied, English Jacobean room, with beautiful panelling, red velvet, gold, and paintings. He is a small steam engine of a man with his tracks to Washington, New York, Chicago, Europe, keeping in touch with other collectors, museums, dealers, teachers, with his hundreds of friends. Since he is an intensely partisan man, with a velvet touch at pulling wires for his young protégés, he has placed innumerable Fogg graduates around the country. Perhaps his most important placement was made when he suggested Alfred E. Barr as the first director for the Museum of Modern Art in New York, a museum which has influenced the whole art consciousness of the country. No starry-eyed, absent-minded professor, Mr. Sachs has an international taste, has bought and made available to the Fogg his great Watteaus, his Rubens, Blakes, and hundreds of other drawings; they will belong to the Fogg after his death. When he buys, he has two criteria: fine quality, and use for teaching.

For years Paul Sachs taught two famous courses. One was modern painting, which became known as "A Seminar in Paul Sachs," since he told his students fascinating anecdotes of people whom he had known, who had modeled for, or known Monet, Manet, Degas; stories of dealers, of Vollard in Paris, hanging like a great hawk in the doorway of his shop. The other course, still taught by Mr. Sachs, but with the assistance of Dr. Jacob Rosenberg, was revolutionary. In 1918 Henry Kent, then Secretary of the Metropolitan Museum, riding back to New York from Boston, wrote out on an envelope the basic outline for a course to train men for museum work, to teach them the ethics of the profession, the sources of supply, and the kind of publications needed. He sent the outline to Paul Sachs, and in 1919 Mr. Sachs opened his famous museum course, the first deliberately formulated to teach workers, curators, and directors of museums. (They are known in the trade as Museum People.)

As the Fine Arts Department grew and the collections changed, the emphasis shifted to an even distribution of study. During the late 1920's, when there was a surge toward modern art, the Fogg and especially Mr. Sachs gave the movement an extra thrust.

The object of the Fogg is to develop a sense of discrimination in its students, not to create artists, although Professor Pope always insisted that anyone majoring in the Fine Arts Department take drawing and painting in order to train the eye for the salient detail. Its method is scholarship, which can be fostered through slides, photographs, and lectures, plus connoisseurship which needs contact with originals. The great opportunity of the Fogg is that it can integrate these two processes.

While Mr. Sachs was busy developing Museum Training, Mr. Forbes was busy with Conservation, both famous contributions. The Conservation Department's head has been George Stout, a very Navy looking man with short cropped black hair, a clear fresh face, and the air of a man facing into the wind even in his functional, spare, modern office at the top of the Fogg. During the war Mr. Stout was a Naval Aviation officer and later took part in the Normandy campaign as far as Aachen. Part of that time he was Monuments officer with the job of warning combat commanders as they approached certain towns to keep from damaging buildings of known art value. Eventually he found at Siegen a large Nazi art repository in a copper mine where the dampness so encouraged mould that some of the Van Goghs seemed like Roquefort. It was there that the guards put up a sign, "Infantry Museum—Old Masters." Later Lieutenant Commander Stout, transferred to the Pacific, exempted Kyote with its temples and art objects from all bombing, became Chief of Monuments in Tokyo. Last month, he was chosen to be director of the Worcester Art Museum, but he will go on with his interest in Conservation.

The twin objects of conservation are the care of the workmanship of the past which includes restoration, and the investigation of the causes of deterioration as well as methods of combating such loss. At the Fogg, for instance, there is always worry about the corrosion of its bronzes through the salts deposited in salt soil burial. Although the Fogg gives no courses in Conservation, it does admit to a special research category certain graduate students. In addition to its care for the objects in the Fogg, the department is often used by other museums and collectors.

Since two-thirds of the Fogg's efforts go into teaching, its faculty is of major importance. Among its four or five great teachers there is Dr. Jacob Rosenberg, a greying, gentle man, whose office is in the files of the Print Room. Curator of prints, he fills his students with his own enthusiasm for the delicacy of a Schongauer rose, for the dry sparkle of an early impression of an early Piranesi. His lectures are deceptively simple, clear as the best French prose. He is a rare professor, able to make his students feel how vital dark lines on white paper can be, able to give his students a scale of values so true that few are rarely ever tricked by the meretricious afterwards. There is Dr. Frederick Deknatel, a long, Lincolnian man, a patient, sensible, easy lecturer who started as a Mediævalist and became an authority on modern painting. Then there is Dr. Benjamin Rowland, a dark, darting man, with the brisk, healthy look of a coach, who has become the most popular lecturer among the younger faculty, teaching "American Art from the Revolution to the Present Day," "Painting in Siena," and "Oriental Art of India, Central Asia, and the Far East." Like Mr. Stout and Associate Professor Charles Kuhn, Curator of Germanic Art, Dr. Rowland was only recently a Navy officer.

And then there is Professor Wilhelm Koehler, with a high lift to his head, who has transformed his course into the largest, most popular course in the department. Just before the war started, he was lecturing to the freshmen on Picasso, talked of the great Guernica mural for one hour, speaking of Picasso's forms as an interpretation of tragedy. Without once naming names, or raising his quiet German-accented voice, he kept his class pinned to the subject. The great hall was absolutely still. He felt all the horror to come and made those students feel it. In contrast to Dr. Koehler there is Professor Chandler Rathvon Post, known as the jolly pedant, who looks like a benevolent archangel in some Byzantine apse. Around Harvard for a while they said that he had gotten up to some ten volumes of his history of Spanish painting without mentioning anyone that anyone else had ever heard of.

The critics of the Fogg are divided into two groups. One group complains that the Fogg is too academic, that it concerns itself too much with the minutiae of pedantry, the little bickerings between art historians. There is always the cry of faculty heads swathed in clouds, ignoring the busyness of contemporary artists. "The danger of modern teaching lies in losing standards; the danger of old methods lies in losing touch with modern work," a Fogg professor said.

American painters in particular resent the Museum's policy, broken for Picasso, of not exhibiting current work. The Fogg's answer is that it owns a good representation of American works, from Winslow Homer to John Marin, and that the Insti-

(Continued on page 80)

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THE FOGG MUSEUM

(Continued from page 78)

tute of Modern Art in Boston takes care of that field. (Sometimes the Fogg does show the works of a Harvard man but they are usually terrible.)

They say that its affection for the arts is too Platonic, that "art is a good thing, but let's not get too involved." At one point, some years ago, its detractors went so far as to label its protégés as pale, little æsthetes, "weak, futile, even pretty."

But by far the more important criticism comes from those who feel that the Fogg has not made Harvard realize the extraordinary material there which is not being used to its full advantage by the rest of the University; that there needs to be fuller interrelationship with other departments. The Fogg, they say, must be used to break down the departmentalization between Greek art, for example, and mathematics; that it must be used more to show history students the psychology of an epoch. The Fogg's extraordinary collection of Pre-Raphaelite paintings and drawings by Burne-Jones, Ruskin, the Rossettis, is an integral part in the understanding of the Pre-Raphaelite writings studied in the English Literature Department. When the Fogg makes itself felt more in the whole pattern of the humanities, it will come further into the round at Harvard.

To many of its students it has been an interest, to some, an inspiration, to others, a profession. All at some time have been part of the cluster of figures on the steps of the Fogg, smoking in hasty gulps between classes, snatching at the sun, coming out of the grey Fogg like swimmers coming up for air.

PSYCHOANALYSIS: 5 QUESTIONS ANSWERED

(Continued from page 77)

people? The writer personally knows of no cases where the analysis of a neurotic or a so-called "normal" person in the hands of a well-trained and recognized Freudian analyst, carried through to the satisfaction of the doctor, has done anything but good to the individual. The greatest danger lies in treating a patient who is on the verge of a psychosis when the analyst does not realize that the patient is ready for a psychosis. This is one reason why analysts nowadays are required to have a thorough training in medical psychiatry before they are accepted by the American Psychoanalytic Association. Fully equipped lay analysts are also well equipped to detect this possibility, however.

Another kind of danger comes from people who break off an analysis in the middle, against the advice of the doctor, and then advertise the fact that they were psychoanalyzed by so-and-so (which is untrue since they did not go through with the treatment) and that it made them worse. This is much like a patient getting off the operating table before he is sewed up and then claiming that the surgeon made his wound bigger. Psychoanalysts hesitate to start treatment when they suspect that an individual is more interested in this kind of showing-off than in getting better.

[*This article contains excerpts from a book by Dr. Berne,* The Mind in Action, *to be published by Simon & Schuster in September.*]

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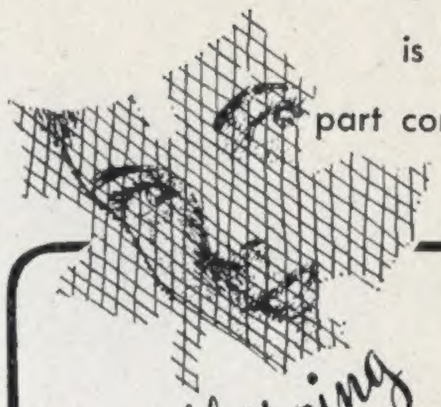

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